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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	689
THE TOTAL WAR ON WANT	691
KOREA: HIDDEN HISTORY. By G. A. Grun	691
DESMOND MACCARTHY	692
AMERICAN DIARY. By Critic	693
THE TRIAL. By Sagittarius	694
THIS ENGLAND	694
FARMS AND FOOD. By Clifford Selly	694
MINISTRY OF JUSTICE? By C. H. Rolph	695
AN AILING CHILD. By Nicholas Davenport	696
A SLIGHT CASE OF DEVIL WORSHIP. By Hamish Henderson	696
POETS AND THE PARTY. By Alexander Werth	698
WHERE IT ALL BEGAN. By Aylmer Vallance	700
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
A Great Critic. By T. C. Worsley	700
Ivon Hitchens. By Patrick Heron	701
Television Notes. By Roger Manvell	702
The Movies. By William Whitebait	702
CORRESPONDENCE	703
From Otway McCannell; H. P. L. Wiessing; Howard Lees; Roderic Henderson; J. T. Golas; Frida Laski; Dusan Popovic; Naomi Mitchison; Tony Warrington; Harry Green.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Peter Quennell	705
THE OTHER ŒDIPUS. By Edwin Muir	706
THE LANGUAGE OF MYSTICISM. By Robert Conquest	706
REVIEWS:	Page
Birth of a Nation. By Tom Driberg	706
Clio Herself. By James Joll	706
St. Cuthbert to Hensley Henson. By Geoffrey Grigson	707
The Ape-child. By Anthony Barnett	708
New Novels. By George D. Painter	708
Anglo-Irish. By Honor Tracy	709
Seven French Poets. By Michael Hamburger	710
SHORTER REVIEWS	710
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	711
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	712
CHESS. By Assic	713

The Price of German Arms

AFTER their Whitsun recess, the Commons have resumed the routine of the treadmill with exemplary submissiveness. Apparently most Members now accept without protest that parliamentary time should be consumed on secondary topics, except for some desultory exchanges at Question Time. Yet to the outside observer it is clear that every other matter is subordinated to the outcome of events in Korea and Germany, and of the economic crisis into which the country is rapidly drifting. On Korea, it is reasonable enough for Mr. Churchill to ask for a postponement of debate until Lord Alexander and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd have returned from their mission and reported to him. But the case of Germany brooks no such delay.

Here the Opposition's difficulty is that it is by no means united. After its consultations at Bonn with the French and German Socialists, the National Executive of the Labour Party, with only three dissentients, approved a statement opposing any rearmament of Germany until the "four Attlee conditions," laid down in February of last year, had been fulfilled, and, in particular, until the German people had been given a chance to express their view. This statement, by and large, supported the stand taken by the German Socialists, who, with widespread support among the German trade unions, are now campaigning against ratification of the Contractual Agreement and of the E.D.C. Treaties. But in the debate on Germany shortly before the Recess, Mr. Attlee seemed ready to brush aside the Executive's statement and to give at least tacit support to Mr. Eden. It is because of the unsatisfactory nature of his speech on that occasion that some sixty Labour Members, headed by six members of the National Executive, have tabled a motion which substantially reaffirms the Executive resolution.

It is to be hoped that this rift between the National Executive and the parliamentary Front Bench will soon be closed. As the Ministers most directly responsible for the negotiations with the U.S. about German rearmament, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Shinwell should realise that conditions have entirely changed since they left office. During the current exchange of Notes the Russians have expressed a readiness to negotiate which only a year ago, in Mr. Morrison's view, as well as Mr. Acheson's, it was the object of Western rearmament to instil in them. To refuse even to test their offer at a Four-Power Conference and to push ahead with German rearmament amounts in these circumstances to substituting "dictation from strength" to "negotiation from strength." Moreover, since the details of the Contractual Agreement have been divulged, a new argument for opposing ratification has been revealed. It now seems fairly clear that, in order to obtain last minute unity at Bonn, Mr. Eden surrendered to combined American and German pressure. To the astonishment of some of the experts, who had been wrangling with the German Finance Minister over this subject for weeks, he suddenly withdrew the British demand that a clause should be inserted in the Agreement to ensure that a substantial part of what had previously been Allied occupation costs should continue to be borne by Bonn.

Since 1945, payments for barracks, training grounds, damage to farmland caused by manœuvres and a host of other expenditures have been levied by the Allies from the Germans. In the last twelve months, the total which Britain alone has received in occupation costs is some £130 millions. This represents over one-third of the value of Britain's total exports to the U.S. Though he very skilfully evaded a direct answer, Mr. Eden admitted under cross-examination last Tuesday, that, after next June, we shall have no claim whatsoever on the Germans. We must presume therefore that the whole of this huge dollar expenditure (for the mark is a dollar currency to-day) will now go to increase the British dollar gap—unless N.A.T.O. (as Mr. Eden guilefully suggested) persuades one of our allies to pay for our troops in Germany! It is difficult to believe that Mr. Butler was fully consulted before the Foreign Secretary agreed to relieve the German Finance Ministry of this liability, and to let it fall on the shoulders of the British Treasury.

Koje to Panmunjon

General Boatner's carefully rehearsed military operation to restore order on Koje Island seems to have been carried out effectively and with no more force than was necessary to achieve its legitimate purpose. Thus, at a cost of some 50 lives and a 100 lesser casualties, the U.N. Command has cleared up a dangerous and disgraceful situation, which, with better management, would never have existed. The Panmunjon truce talks are still in deadlock as a result of complete failure to agree on repatriation of prisoners. The hopeful sign is that from both sides come indications of a desire to make headway. It is reported from Washington that informal discussions of possible compromises are going on in New York between various U.N. delegations, including the American; while, at the beginning of this week, the Communist High Command addressed a letter to General Clark, outlining proposals which, it is alleged, have been put forward "time and time again" at Panmunjon.

The essence of the Communist plan is that all "foreign" prisoners (*i.e.*, Chinese and U.N.) should be repatriated unconditionally, as should all Koreans whose homes are on the opposite side of the line. Korean nationals, whose homes are on the same side as their place of imprisonment, should be allowed to return home without formality, no matter on which side they were fighting when captured. This proposal has a good deal to commend it and cannot be described as merely obstructive. The protection of the comparatively few prisoners who can be shown to be genuine political refugees is a worthy objective. But the opportunity of terminating this tragic war must not be allowed to pass, merely because the U.N. Command, administratively incapable of identifying the genuine political refugees, are driven to wholesale refusal of normal repatriation.

Mr. Butler's Headache

At their meeting last week-end in Paris, the Western Finance Ministers persuaded the Belgians, in effect, to "invest" more heavily in E.P.U. and to accept deliveries of armaments in partial repayment of British indebtedness. Thus the problem presented by Belgium's persistent credit balance was tided over. By contrast, there is little sign of any solution to the larger problem of the strain on sterling. In the last ten weeks over £50m. in gold has been paid by Britain to E.P.U.; and, not only have last autumn's cuts in imports from Europe proved seemingly ineffective, the position of the whole sterling area has been gravely prejudiced by the fall in the price of its primary products—wool, rubber and tin—entering into trade with the U.S. Mr. Boyd-Carpenter this week disclosed that the British gold and dollar reserves are now sufficient to pay only for two months' U.K. imports; and it seems certain that by the end of June, despite receipts of M.S.A. dollars, the reserve figure will be well below £600m.

Meanwhile, during his visit to London, Mr. Menzies will presumably have discouraged Mr. Butler from hoping for any early relaxation of Australian import restriction: the latest Australian trade figures show that, though imports are declining, the value of exports is falling faster. British exporters' difficulties seem also likely to be increased if the news that India is being compelled to consider import bans is confirmed.

Co-operative "Double-Think"

It is no novelty to find the Co-operative Party and the Co-operative Congress speaking with rather different voices. The Congress represents the whole movement, primarily as a great trading concern, with the main body of delegates drawn from the local Consumers' Societies. The Party Conference is a mixture of delegates from the same sort of Societies and of delegates from local Co-operative Parties and other more selective agencies. The Party tends to represent the more politically active sections of the membership: the Congress includes many small Societies (and a few big ones) that do not belong to the Party, and tends to attract a rather different sort of delegate from Societies which belong to both. It is therefore not surprising that the Congress last week rejected by a substantial majority a resolution critical of rearmament not unlike a resolution the Party recently approved. Nor is it surprising that the Party's recent policy statement on *The People's Industry* was left off the Congress agenda in order to allow the trading sections of the movement more time for discussing its implications. This year's Congress, faced with falling dividends and a check to trade expansion, was in cautious mood. It spent most of its time on domestic issues rather than on wider matters of Labour and Co-operative policy. The rather startling—and for the most part admirable—proposals made in the Party programme will take the movement as a whole quite a while to digest. Meanwhile, Lord Williams, this year's Congress President, called for a four-point campaign to increase members and purchases, to counter the falling tendency in share capital, to increase the purchases of local Societies from the wholesale agencies, and to promote the greater sale of Co-operatively produced goods. A number of Co-operative factories, especially in textiles, are underemployed.

Sir William Haley and *The Times*

Sir William Haley's appointment to the editorship of *The Times* appears to have surprised Printing House Square as much as Fleet Street generally. At first sight, the proprietors seem to have made a wise choice. A newspaper that has existed for 167 years must necessarily have acquired a certain smoothness in the running, and there are those who feel that *The Times* has been moving too much in well-oiled grooves since 1939. Though the paper's reputation for integrity has never stood higher and the property itself has seldom been so prosperous, there are many ways in which a courageous editor could improve *The Times*. The coverage of home news is poor, as compared with other "quality" newspapers; there are too many after-dinner speeches, too many purely ceremonial items, not enough factual reporting. Editorial opinion could be expressed with greater forthrightness and vigour: in the last few years *The Times* has hedged on far too many vital controversies. Above all (and here it compares badly with the *Manchester Guardian*) the paper needs to achieve a much greater degree of "readability." Because of its tradition of anonymity—for which there is much to be said—the columns of *The Times* too often read, as Hazlitt remarked, as though they had been not only printed but written by a steam engine. In addition, by stubbornly refusing to discuss personalities and by clinging to its nineteenth-century formula of "Ladies and Gentlemen Discuss Things, Servants Discuss Persons," Printing House Square impairs its all-seeing eye. Sir William Haley thus has a clear field for his gifts of vision and organisation. Again and again in its history, *The Times* has been rejuvenated by a new and firm hand. The paper owes more than most to its "strong men"—Barnes, Delane, Northcliffe—and it may be that Sir William is the latest in that masterful succession.

WASHINGTON

The General's Dilemma

A Correspondent writes: Mr. Eisenhower's first ten days at home have shown that he was wise to stay away until the final stage of the pre-convention campaign. Broad generalities apart, he seems to have so few specific things to say that his public statements are already becoming repetitious. Senator Taft, who has had to make more than five hundred speeches, faced the same problem; but he is a professional politician who is trained to make the words go round, whereas the General is clearly an amateur who wants to please yet to avoid the pitfalls of promises.

The first press conference at Abilene, for instance, was full of evasions and platitudes that might have come from Ramsay MacDonald. Asked for his views on the steel crisis, he said:

> I really have no information, as you well know, on the steel situation, on anything. I think now the Supreme Court has ruled on it, and I believe in Constitutional processes, and I believe in the power of the Supreme Court, I don't believe I'll comment on the thing anyway.

What then, of farm price supports, a vital issue in the agrarian States?

> When you talk to me 75 per cent, 85 per cent, 95 per cent, gentlemen, I don't know. And it is the farm organisations and people representing all of the public—my passion is the public's interest, the thing that must be guarded—we get them all together and certainly it's in the public interest that we have a prosperous agriculture. Besides that, my heart is with them . . .

There were similar answers on Negro rights, health insurance and Federal aid to education. On government spending as a whole . . .

> I would personally like to see reduced to the ultimate that we can the, what I call, the artificial direct legalistic controls and to apply all of the influences of every kind of the whole economy to see whether we can't keep this thing in check [*sic*].

Such answers, accompanied by the Eisenhower smile, seem to have charmed press conferences. But they have to do more than that. The General has a hard and double fight before him. Having only three weeks left to convince the Republicans that he is as solid as Taft on principle, his speeches must show that he is a sound conservative. But the more effectively he does this, the more he damages his chances with the wider electorate he must woo if he becomes the Republican nominee.

This dilemma explains much of the ambiguity. But, since Chicago is less than a month away, the emphasis has had to be on party principle. And, in going down the line for the 1950 Republican platform, Eisenhower has aligned himself more closely with Taftism than with many of his own supporters, some of whom—"me-tooers" of the Dewey wing—bitterly criticised it at the time. If

the General really believes that he can make a campaign on "Liberty versus Socialism" he is in for a rude lesson in political realities. The national electorate, moreover, may be more sceptical than Walter Lippmann, who this week praised Eisenhower on the grounds that "without any evasiveness he has left himself entirely uncommitted for the great issues of peace and war that lie ahead of us."

The hazards through which the General must play to success have been stiffened this week by the selection of MacArthur as the "keynote" speaker at the Republican convention. The choice of the other General will not only help create a "Taftist" mood at Chicago: it also shows that the Taft forces have a pretty firm grip on the convention machinery. Since the margin between the two rivals may be narrowed down to the disputed Texas, Lousiana and Georgia delegations, the side which manages to seat its men may thus carry off the nomination—though the price of victory be a bitterly divided party in November.

PARIS

Cold Vendetta

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The three experts, including the President of the Society of Colombophils, having performed their post-mortem on M. Duclos' two birds, and unanimously found that they were ordinary "comestible" pigeons, the *flagrant délit* charge against the C.P. leader seems to have fizzled out; nevertheless he remains in prison, regardless of his parliamentary immunity. The last week has shown that the whole notion of "legality" is being largely ignored in the handling of the Communist "conspiracy." At least, that is the opinion of non-Communist Left-wing papers, including the *Canard Enchainé*, whose line is that "We are now living in France in a state of complete illegality, but, believe it or not, nobody gives a damn." The *Canard* is basically anti-Communist, and may therefore tend to exaggerate the indifference. Certainly a number of lawyers and magistrates have expressed grave misgivings about the whole handling of the affair; and two M.R.P. members of the Pinay Government at any rate are perturbed—though not to the point of resignation—by the turn things are taking.

This campaign against the C.P. seems less like the product of anti-Red hysteria than of a sort of *Schadenfreude*: the Communists are being locked up in a cold and almost leisurely vendetta, for which the Government clearly thinks the times are favourable. Korea, Indo-China and much else have created a feeling of weary cynicism, which makes people shrug their shoulders at talk of "human rights" and "republican legality." The working class itself is politically weary, disunited, and economically rather *less* discontented than usual, thanks to the present stabilisation of prices. Therefore, the strike called by the C.G.T. last Wednesday was bound to be a failure. Purely "political" strikes are unpopular anyway, and few workers were willing to risk the sack, especially at this time of year, with the paid yearly holidays only a few weeks ahead. Duclos "could wait." Even the railwaymen, though mostly Communists, did not strike for fear of reprisals. The Right-wing press flattered the workers for "their marvellous common sense." There is reason for supposing that the latest proposal for a single Free Trade Union Federation is viewed by the *patronat* with great approval: that way, the old Labour Charter of Vichy—or something like it—might have a good chance of coming into its own again. On questions of labour, Pinay and De Gaulle see almost completely eye-to-eye.

The Total War on Want

At a time when the official spokesmen of British Labour find themselves increasingly at a loss to point an alternative to the Tory road of international power politics, an unofficial group, The Association for World Peace, publishes this week a valuable pamphlet reaffirming the basic Socialist belief that prosperity is no less indivisible than peace; and that the consequences of poverty and exploitation, particularly in the so-called under-developed areas, lie at the root of much of the current international tension. *War on Want* is the fruit of consultations between a group of experts under the chairmanship of Mr. Harold Wilson. It affirms, in challenging and authoritative form, both the need and the possibility of a concerted assault, in which the Labour Party must surely play a leading role, on hunger, ignorance and disease.

The disease which, more than any other, causes the appallingly high death rates common to almost all under-developed countries is the disease of hunger. U.N. statisticians have long ago pointed out that the 19 richest countries in the world have only 16 per cent. of the population but 66 per cent. of the world's income; while the 15 poorest countries have just over half the population and less than one-tenth of the income. Even when full allowance is made for the possibilities of private investment, for the valuable work of the U.N. agencies, for the scope of Point Four and the Colombo Plan, the conclusion is irresistible that private enterprise cannot and will not do the job that is needed. The advanced countries—that is, the countries with capital in hand—must act together for the sake of people who are dying of disease and hunger, no less than for the cause of their own prosperity. The first task is to prevent the decline in present living standards now caused by growing populations left to fester in poverty; and then to try to secure a rate of development sufficient to permit an annual increase in output of 2 per cent., the goal set by the U.N. "experts Committee."

The Labour Party to-day needs few things more than a constructive policy towards colonial countries that are moving into political independence. Political advance in West Africa, for instance, has been unaccompanied by any consistent thinking about economic advance. In Nigeria there is no single adequately staffed authority to assume responsibility for the economic development of the colony; and in the Gold Coast, as Mr. Davidson has recently pointed out in this journal, the planning weakness is greater still. There is, in fact, a weakness about much current Labour thinking on this problem. It is true, as the authors of *War on Want* say, that there will be no adequate development until a social revolution has effected a shift in the distribution of income and power. But it is insufficient to apply this judgment to the receiving and not the giving countries. It is illusory to suggest that the necessary primary development is possible by the capitalist countries' use of capitalist processes. Raising output, for instance, which is the concern of capitalist investment, is a very different matter from raising the general standards of human life. The former approach is typified by the American loan to East African mines in return for exports of copper and lead to the U.S., and by many other such examples. In terms of human standards this is not true development at all. Such loans flow into precisely the same structure of cheap labour and White supremacy that has reduced the indigenous peoples to misery.

The conception of partnership between developed and under-developed areas has become part of the common currency of orthodox Labour perorations. But partnership must be a social and political as well as an economic relation. The mere handing over of central power to partly nominated "Native" governments is not enough; and one of Labour's most urgent tasks is to define what the social and political conditions must be for a partnership adequate to prosecute the total war on want.

Korea : Hidden History

With the outbreak of hostilities in Korea, the cold war, properly speaking, came to an end. The conflict, so far, has remained localised, but Korea is still one of the greatest danger-spots in the world: the possibility of a World War breaking out there cannot yet be discounted.

Though the Korean scene has remained in the centre of world interest, and though much has been written on it, many of the events are still shrouded in mystery. The definitive history of the war has not yet appeared and is not likely to appear soon. A new book*, by one of America's most acute, well-informed and perceptive journalists, cannot hope to be that history. But it is one of the most brilliant attempts at describing contemporary events and shows an outstanding technique of analysis.

This outspoken book is a bitter and sustained attack on all those who were responsible for the conduct of affairs—both political and military—since the outbreak of hostilities. It is not simply gossip or malicious rumour-mongering: Mr. Stone is prepared to give references, and though his technique is simple it is also effective. It consists of a careful scrutiny of all official statements available since the outbreak of the war and a painstaking comparison of these "briefings," "releases," "hand-outs," and official communiques with the reports of some of the world's most reliable correspondents. Despite the great effect of censorship, the discrepancies are revealing. This method also enables the author to show how public opinion was constantly "made" by a machine which from the outset was profoundly interested in all questions of publicity. Mr. Stone does not reveal new material, nor can his treatment claim to be exhaustive; but with the details supplied it is now possible to re-investigate some of the outstanding problems.

First, then, the question of the origin of the war, one of the most bitterly debated and least clear of all the issues. Mr. Stone is not really able to throw very much new light; he, too, tends to call it a mystery. His own, and a great deal of

* I. F. Stone: *The Hidden History of the Korean War*. (Turnstile Press, 21s.)

other available evidence, and not least of all some of the material published by the North Korean authorities, confirms the view that the actual act of aggression was committed by the forces of the North.

Little can be said in exoneration of the conduct of Syngman Rhee, then or later, and there is little doubt that he and his advisers were prepared to go to almost any length in their efforts to provoke incidents and to create tension on the 38th Parallel. The aim may well have been to create conditions in which warfare would become inevitable. For the outbreak of a war was bound to alter the American line of "hands off" which was so irksome to Rhee, and so markedly in evidence in the early months of 1950.

But Rhee, however much he wanted to start a war, was not in a position to do so. His armed forces were extremely weak; he faced, as the result of the election of May, 1950, severe internal problems, and he could certainly not rely on unqualified U.S. air support. President Truman and Secretary of State Acheson had repeatedly refused to include the Korean Republic in the American defence perimeter or to make her part of the projected Pacific Pact; nor was John Foster Dulles, wherever his sympathies may have been, able to hold out greater hopes when he visited Rhee in June, 1950. And so, though there was undoubtedly provocation, though the men of Seoul showed signs of incredible stupidity and lack of judgment, there was no aggression on their part. In the event the North Koreans were responsible for the attack, a massive operation bearing every sign of planning and forethought.

Mr. Stone does not attempt to disprove these facts, but he shows how well they fitted into a conception of American foreign policy which was predominant, not, at that time, in Washington, but at the Tokio headquarters of General MacArthur. Involvement in Eastern Asia rather than non-intervention, a firm belief that only direct armed conflict with the victorious Communist forces on the Chinese mainland and their satellites would protect American interests, and a deep-rooted conviction that the conflict could be resolved successfully if only the military authorities were to be given a free hand—such were the General's views.

Invasion in Korea immeasurably strengthened these beliefs and gave Tokio the possibility, first to sway, and ultimately to dominate, official policy. The suggestion made by Mr. Stone that MacArthur's intelligence service deliberately ignored warnings and under-rated indications of an impending invasion in order to prevent effective political solution is quite plausible. There need be no doubt that the outbreak of hostilities pleased MacArthur, but this in itself is not proof of instigation or aggression.

Aggression, wherever it occurred, had to be stopped; here was the acid test confronting the United Nations, and there can be no questioning of the decision to intervene. What is more doubtful is the hasty method which was adopted and, above all, the fact that effective control was so easily abandoned. The United Nations, in agreeing to the Unified Command, had abdicated their right of supervision to the United States, and the American administration—for a variety of reasons—was not really in a position to exercise effective command over its military subordinates in Asia. It was indeed one of the greatest tragedies that with the incidence of war the making of policy passed from Washington to Tokio.

If the act of aggression was the great Communist blunder, the actual conduct of the war was an equally stupendous blunder on the part of the United Nations. It is in dealing with this aspect of the story that Mr. Stone is at his best. Though he obviously does not claim to have seen any official directives, orders or instructions, his careful method of contrasting official statements and press reports and his meticulous study of the relation between the occurrence of events and their publication lends authority to his case.

It is, indeed, illuminating and almost frightening to trace the stratagems employed by MacArthur to sway public opinion and to prevent ordinary political control from being exercised. Acts of calculated indiscretion and insubordination were constantly forcing the hands of the administration and enabled the General to retain at all times complete control over the situation. Retreat and advance are carefully timed, optimism and alarmist fear alternate, pressure is increased and eased in a crazy and yet coherent pattern, which on analysis shows the ruthless logic of a master mind intent on dominating the entire strategy of the conflict. And it is not until the General commits a political error—by expressing his views in a letter to the Republican leader in Congress, that the President resolves upon the dismissal of his recalcitrant subordinate.

By then, however, not only had a great deal of damage already been done, but an atmosphere had been created and a line of policy been laid down, which makes the later part of the conflict, and especially the elaborately complex truce negotiations hardly less difficult to follow than the earlier fighting. Though Mr. Stone's account is no doubt not the whole story, the indictment is formidable and difficult to refute. Mr. Stone's discussion on the conduct of the war leads one to reflect further on some of the underlying issues. The role of Chiang Kai-shek, the significance of Formosa, the American alliance with the corrupt and utterly discredited regime of Syngman Rhee—all these were in a sense the results of the part which America was prepared to play in the post-war world, in marked contrast to the isolationism of the interwar years. The Korean war has tended to confuse the issues and has certainly precluded any discussion of these problems on their merits. Great mistakes were certainly made, but before Korea there were at least some efforts made to arrive at a constructive solution. Time was needed and time was not available.

There is, however, one important lacuna in Mr. Stone's book. The role of the United States in world strategy is not adequately investigated. Mr. Stone's severe, though not altogether unjust, criticism is directed at his own side and is a sign of the shame felt by enlightened American opinion; he does not, however, subject Communist conduct to a similar analysis.

It is true the conduct of both the U.S.S.R. and of Communist China was correct in the early stages of the conflict. It is also true that a great deal of provocation was required before the actual intervention of China, and that this intervention on the whole was restrained, and in the beginning not intransigeant. Indeed, the greatest of all follies was the sustained effort of General MacArthur to carry the war to the Chinese mainland.

But this is not the whole story. The attitude of the Soviet bloc to the Korean war was as much tactical as strategic. The aims and intentions of Communist policy are not necessarily always directly aggressive; but they can become so. The United States and United Nations cannot afford to be completely impervious to the manifestations of long-term Communist planning in the Far East or elsewhere.

What, then, of a solution? Mr. Stone's book makes only a partial contribution. By branding and exposing some of the most glaring shortcomings of the Americans he points the way in one direction. But more thought in the terms of overall strategy will be required. Clearly, the war must end. The waste of energy, of resources, and of clear thought must cease. The pernicious attitude which emerges so clearly in the policy of MacArthur must be eradicated. But in re-formulating her policy in the Far East, America will have to aim at that most difficult of all political tasks in the present-day world: a balance will have to be struck between vigilance in face of the deeper threats of World Communism on the one hand, and the need for a constructive, rational and modern approach to the problems of the Far East on the other. Understanding of the genuine needs of Asia is essential, and in a sense provides the best, perhaps the only protection against the further spread of violence; but there remains the need for preparedness. Mr. Stone's book shows vividly the dangers of an irrational and antiquated Asiatic policy. Both problems, however, must be tackled, if disaster, even greater than has already occurred, is to be averted. G. A. GRUN

DESMOND MACCARTHY

IT is with deep regret that we record this week the death of Sir Desmond MacCarthy whose work in the field of the theatre and letters was associated particularly with this journal. At the birth of the *New Statesman* in 1913, Desmond MacCarthy became dramatic critic—writing, so he later confessed, at a rate of two guineas a thousand words—plus ten shillings extra for each play attended. This generous "extra" was "extracted from Clifford Sharp [the first Editor] while strolling on the cliff top of Beachy Head." An appreciation by T. C. Worsley of his dramatic criticism, which he continued to contribute up to 1944, will be found on a later page. From 1920 until 1927 he was Literary Editor of the *New Statesman*; and, in addition, throughout that period and up to 1929, he wrote a weekly causerie under the pseudonym of "Affable Hawk."

Mr. Leonard Woolf writes: I must be almost the last survivor of the first *New Statesman* lunch at the Webbs' house in Grosvenor Road. Desmond was not there, but he came to the next one which I attended. The lunches, like the *New Statesman* of those early days, were pretty grim affairs; and Desmond, whom I had known intimately since 1900, would occasionally catch my eye across the table with a cross between a smile and a wink when the mutton and the conversation were particularly tough and stringy. Desmond was dramatic critic then, and I nothing but a Webb protegé. When Squire gave up the literary editorship, Desmond succeeded him.

He was one of the best and one of the worst of all Literary Editors; but the goodness of his best was much better than the badness of his worst. There has never been a nicer or more sympathetic man than Desmond, and he was therefore at home in any company or country. But, if he could ever have been "out of his element," it would have been at a Webb lunch or, indeed, in the bleak, cold Sharpian atmosphere of the *New Statesman* of Great Queen Street.

There never was a greater contrast between an Editor and his Literary Editor than that between Clifford Sharp and Desmond MacCarthy. Sharp was, no doubt, in many ways a first-rate Editor; but on the surface he was a grim man, with no use for any frills or nonsense—nonsense covering a multitude of sins and a good many virtues. His method of encouraging a young—and probably an old—journalist, was to print what he wrote but always to pour buckets of cold water down his back before he did so. Desmond was the exact opposite: the most charming of men, he was exactly the same in Great Queen Street—if

you could find him there!—as he was sitting in front of a fire at midnight, weaving his fantasies or telling his stories. He never poured a thimbleful of cold water down the back of anyone. He had a natural liking for the frills and the nonsense, and thought them just as important as the stones and bones which Sharp took for reality.

Desmond gave his own account of their relations in an article "What the *New Statesman* has Meant to Me" in the paper's 21st birthday number in 1934.

> Seated opposite each other at the make-up hour, he would glare and I would despair—but not reform. He wanted the literary side of the paper to be readable from beginning to end. I did not care if there were items in it which the average intelligent educated person would skip, provided most of the paper appealed to him. It seemed to me, in the long run, better for our prestige that a good author should say "Of course, all the reviews have been piffle—except perhaps one in the *New Statesman* which showed that the man knew what my book was about," than that the A.I.R. (the Average Intelligent Reader) should be deluded into supposing himself interested in, and instructed in, subjects about which he would really remain for ever as ignorant and indifferent as an owl. Again, Sharp insisted on a firm macadamised surface, while I liked it to be broken by those wild green sprouts of folly which are apt to appear in the work of writers who care about their work.

That Desmond's own contributions ever appeared at all was a weekly miracle, performed largely by the lady who was then secretary of the *New Statesman*. On the mechanics of editorship and punctuality, he was as bad as in all other essentials, including the imponderable, he was so good. Though he never succeeded in getting into his writing the extraordinary quality of his conversation, the best things he ever wrote were over the signature of "Affable Hawk." His humour, like his laugh, was of a peculiar texture, soft and satiny; he had a fine wit; and he was the most humane of men. These qualities made him the perfect Literary Editor to work for, and the most amusing and charming of companions.

American Diary

I WENT to the United States by the new tourist air service, and found that it saved a substantial sum of money at the cost of a negligible loss of comfort. One still gets to America overnight, which still seems to me a miracle, though I have done it several times. And who is worried by being five instead of four in a row? Who sits next to one is just a toss-up anyhow; on this occasion I had a loudly drunken girl behind me, and by my side sat a dear old Irish lady who embarked at Shannon, had never before been on a plane and spent the night quietly saying her prayers. I am now returning on the *Queen Elizabeth*, with the idea of having a few days to regain my balance, lest I am dizzy after a month's contemplation of the American kaleidoscope.

* * *

Customs officials are much maligned men. I have usually found them both reasonable and courteous. But every now and again one meets an officer who, as we used to say when I was young, "got out of his bed the wrong side" that morning. That at least must be the charitable excuse for the Customs official who, on my arrival at New York, asked indignantly what I meant by saying that some sample Ganymed prints I was carrying were of "no value." I explained that they were, in fact, of no value since they were early rough prints designed only to inform an American firm what pictures Ganymed next contemplated. He asked scornfully whether Ganymed paid no wages to its workers, had no plant, no overheads? I forebore, just in time, from pointing out to him the impropriety of pushing the Marxist theory of value down the throat of innocent overseas visitors, and merely countered with the orthodox capitalist reply that value consists not in the cost of production, but in the price that the article would fetch in the market. He rejected this with contempt and in reply to my plea that it was impossible to compute from the capital and running costs of a business the infinitesimally small value of two bits of unsaleable paper, cried triumphantly: "Not at all; we have experts for just that job!" In the end he consulted a superior and came back with the suggestion that we should compromise on a figure of ten dollars, on which I should have to pay rather more than a dollar. I capitulated before the higher authority of Karl Marx and the U.S. Customs.

* * *

I hear that bets are being laid of seven to four for Eisenhower against Taft, and I have heard it confidently stated since I returned to England that Kefauver will win the Democratic nomination. Odd how confident people are about the quite unknowable future. Even if Eisenhower or Taft were to get the 604 votes required to win on the first ballot, we should not know much about the result. For these are not firm promises, merely electoral indications. The only possible answer to a question about who will be President is that there are probably still more Democrats than Republicans in the United States; that as the last five elections have shown it will take some new force to persuade most land and town workers to vote for the bosses' party. Possibly Eisenhower with his international reputation is such a force. Taft, on the other hand, would find it extremely difficult to win against any of the likely Democratic candidates. Some people are working for a combination of Harriman for the Presidency and Kefauver for the Vice-Presidency. Others are sure that at the last minute Governor Stevenson will carry off the nomination. It is also possible that neither Eisenhower nor Taft will win; the fight between them has now become very bitter and if neither wins the first poll, a third candidate such as Governor Warren or even conceivably, but improbably, General MacArthur might gather the necessary votes as a result of the split in the machine.

* * *

Let no one forget the part that Mr. Truman has still to play in this election. I know at least two students of American politics who believe that at the last minute, when the Democrats have failed to agree on any of their present candidates, Truman will allow himself to be "drafted." If he does stand, he will probably win. All one can say is that those who should know best agree that he now means what he says and has decided, quite definitely, not to stand. He really looks forward to retiring with Bessie Truman to his home town where he can enjoy a dignified life as an elder statesman. But I was at his press conference in Washington when he made it clear that he will fight for any Democrat who is nominated in Chicago as fiercely as if he were fighting another election campaign on his own behalf. He is about the most effective political speaker in the country, and I should say that he would make mincemeat of Eisenhower's Rotarian platitudes. Being President has suited him remarkably well. He looks wonderfully young, pink, smooth and self-satisfied. He is a cocksparrow, if I may mix my metaphors, who has drunk all the cream. He is now mainly interested in his "place in history." While he talks you can see him saying to himself: "I am not as big a man as Abe Lincoln, but I have done better than President Polk, and if my Administration is ending in a blaze of corruption, at least it hasn't been any worse than President Harding's."

* * *

For the first time in history a country has discovered how to produce guns and butter in enormous quantities and at the same time. This staggering prosperity makes it difficult to discover what is happening under the surface. I hope to discuss at some length in the near future whether the present witch hunt is really undermining civil liberty or whether, as in the similar period of irrationality after the First World War, liberalism will again have a chance. In the same way one has to ask whether the great improvement in the position of the Negro is permanent or whether, if there is a slump, all the advance will be undone. Here I am optimistic because, just as I think that important safeguards of civil liberty are being lost to-day, so I think that the Negro is gaining ground which he will retain when reaction sets in. In the South it appeared to me, for instance, that segregation is being undermined. When I hear accounts of Negroes being brutally treated and shot (the traditional lynching has nearly disappeared) I regard this as a symptom of advance. It means that even in the deepest South the Negro is getting "uppity." In Virginia I spent a few days of inquiry. I learnt that the recent Supreme Court decision which makes Jim Crow discrimination on inter-State trains illegal has had the effect, as one would expect, of enabling the Negro in practice to travel in the same car as White men, even when the train does not cross the border. I met at least one White lady coming from one of the "First Families of Virginia," who declares that she has made a survey which shows that the younger generation of Whites in her area do not desire any longer to maintain segregation, and it is certainly true that the Negro who ignores traditional prejudices is apt now to find that they simply disappear. Admittedly this has not reached the sphere of inter-marriage, but that, too, will come.

* * *

The Supreme Court has also decided that the Negro must receive "equal" education with the Whites. This was only translated into reality when Negroes began to take legal action against Southern States, demanding that, since Negro schools were not equal with White, Black children should be admitted to the same schools as White children. This so frightened the Whites that they began immediately to build first-class modern Negro schools. I went to several of these "consolidated" schools which fulfil the most optimistic hopes of what British Labour educationists call comprehensive schools. Here the education is likely to be better than it is in the White schools, since the best qualified Negro teachers are less tempted than their White colleagues to seek other jobs with higher salaries. These schools, though now examples of segregation, must undermine it. The object of segregation is to maintain a caste system in which "inferiors" work for their Betters. Anthropologists and sociologists have left off pretending that Black children are by nature less capable than White, and if, in fact, Black adolescents are equally well educated, equally able to do white collar jobs and to enter the professions, it will not be long before progressive White employers will throw open jobs now closed to coloured people. Moreover, in small towns, where one school could accommodate all the children, the Whites are already bitterly complaining that to maintain an equal but segregated school system nearly doubles the cost of education to the taxpayer. Governor Byrnes, of South Carolina, talks of remedying this dangerous equality by

abolishing compulsory education altogether, but I doubt if he can or will go to this extreme. These advances are happening far too slowly in my view, but they are, I think, substantial. Other even more important factors, working in the same direction, are the discovery among the more enlightened Army officers that segregation is thoroughly bad for Army morale, and the rapid industrial development of the South, which gives Negroes, even share-croppers, an opportunity of earning decent wages without making what is often the impossible transference northwards out of Dixie.

* * *

In the U.S. it would be fun to collect the year's brightest advertising ideas. One thought, which may have seemed brilliant to the originator, turned out, I'm told, a dismal failure. A firm of morticians (the British would say "undertakers") had to withdraw an advertisement in which they described themselves as specialists "in the care of lovely bodies," and tried to prove their point by a picture of a particularly glamorous nude. Another idea, which I thought charming, was a certificate awarded to children just when they are sufficiently house-trained no longer to need diaper service. The certificate, framed for hanging over the cot, grants a P.H.D.—"Past Having Diapers."

On board the Queen Elizabeth. CRITIC

THE TRIAL

"The President . . . made a plea that the parties should strictly limit their remarks to the issue of jurisdiction before the Court."—(*Daily Telegraph.*)

The Hague International Court
Gives hearing to British and Persians—
Both bring legal lights to support
Their irreconcilable versions.
Iran is resolved, in advance, to withdraw,
The British uphold International Law,
But both sides are enjoined from their briefs to erase
All pleas that have nothing to do with the case.

Mossadeq returns to the charge
Of Anglo-Iranian knavery,
Protesting at planned sabotage
And schemes to hold Iran in slavery.
In the Kingdom of Persia, a true Paradise,
The British implanted corruption and vice,
With intent to degrade the Iranian race . . .
These statements have nothing to do with the case.

Such libels, the British contend,
Are venomous, vile and irrelevant,
The Company, Persia's best friend,
Has proved itself truly benevolent.
The Anglo-Iranian, since it began,
Spread welfare and wealth through the whole of Iran,
And plenty with progress proceeded apace. . .
This protest has nothing to do with the case.

Mossadeq with passion insists
The downfall of Persia was plotted,
And now when the nation resists,
Her commerce and trade are boycotted.
But foreign exploiters no longer despoil
Her priceless resources of national oil,
Her proud step to freedom she will not retrace . . .
This challenge has nothing to do with the case.

Confusion is rife at The Hague—
Each statement provokes a denial,
And both of the parties seem vague
As to just who, and what, is on trial.
The world's high Tribunal no judgment will base
On pleas which have nothing to do with the case.
Whatever the verdict, the Persians retort
The case can have nothing to do with the Court.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

It must never become law for a man to be able to marry his wife's sister after divorce.

Women would be afraid of inviting their sisters to their homes, thinking they would entice their husbands.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (Eileen Tatum.)

Gents Braces 4/11, Mens Braces 2/11: *Sign in a Nottingham store.*—(G. M. Thornton.)

Recently, while showing Buckingham Palace to a foreign visitor, we were both deeply shocked by being whistled at by one of the guards.—Letter in *Evening News*. (C. B. J. Feltham.)

There will be an improved sausage, as skimmed milk powder and vegetable fats will not be counted as part of the meat content.—*Daily Telegraph*. (K. E. O'Neill.)

Farms and Food

THE 1952 Farm Price Review settlement, outlined in the recent White Paper, shows little deviation from the pattern established during Labour's five-year farm expansion programme. This is not surprising. For Sir Thomas Dugdale has declared that basically there is no difference between his agricultural objectives and those of his predecessor. In spite of this admission, Government and National Farmers' Union spokesmen are seeking to present the review as the first instalment of a bold new farming policy. The impression is conveyed that the Tory gentry got back to Whitehall just in time to restore the waning confidence of the farming community. With an addition of £52½ millions to farmers' receipts, a rough sketch of future production objectives, the resurrection of some subsidy schemes and a few Ministerial exhortations, all, we are assured, will be well.

Such optimism is baseless. The last year has seen Labour's expansion programme petering out four-fifths of the way towards the target of a 50 per cent. increase in production over pre-war levels. The tillage area to-day is actually more than a million acres smaller than in 1947 when the programme began. In the last twelve months output of bread and coarse grains, potatoes and sugar beet has declined. Egg production has fallen, milk output has been precariously maintained. Beef slaughterings show a slight increase, but mutton production has dropped. The only encouraging development has been a belated increase in pig-meat supplies, which considering the fecundity of the animals is not very remarkable. The reversion of a million acres of arable land to grass since the war, the faltering development of temporary leys and the slaughter of a million calves a year combine to give a hollow ring to promises of larger meat supplies.

The problem of costs is causing even more concern to consumers. For the 23 per cent. increase in output over the last five years has been accompanied by an alarming rise in the price of home-produced food. Despite the steady increase in the cost of imported supplies since the outbreak of the Korean war, successive awards to farmers have maintained a stiff price differential in favour of home products. Typical are £183 a ton for home-produced beef compared with £126 for imported, £308 per ton for bacon pigs against £204, and 4s. 7d. a dozen for eggs compared with 3s. 3d. for imported. Last year's increase of 15 per cent. on retail food prices was steep enough, but the recent import cuts and the reduction of £160 millions in the food subsidies have intensified the pressure on the housewife's purse. Because of the high cost of protein foods many working-class families are, once again, turning to the cheaper starch substitutes.

The extent to which rising production costs on the farms could have been offset by greater efficiency and the hampering effect of diminishing returns are questions on which there is little statistical evidence. But two points are clear. First, that production on many farms could be expanded profitably at present costs and, secondly, that a system of high guaranteed prices designed to bolster the high-cost producer gives little benefit to the consumer for any increased efficiency achieved on the more highly mechanised farms. The major part of the present settlement adds £23½ millions to farm prices, compared with £15½ millions for the fertiliser and calf subsidies and the ploughing-up grants. Yet only six months ago Sir Thomas Dugdale declared: "Very high prices tend to put more money in the hands of the fortunately placed, without giving adequate help to those who need it most. They put up the cost of living, they increase the cost of exports, they lay the agricultural industry open to criticism. Finally, and perhaps most of all, they do not encourage farming efficiency." At the time he spoke the Minister probably did not fully appreciate the nature of his dilemma. For the N.F.U. is deeply committed to the appeasement of the rank-and-file small farmers, many of whom are in genuine difficulty. Faced with the danger of political discontent and a threatened return to low farming, the Minister no doubt felt that, in the event, he had no alternative but to make a generous settlement.

Farm incomes, which shrank to £264½ millions last year have been restored to £294 millions in the current year—a ten per cent. increase in income for a one per cent. increase in productivity. The annual £30 millions capital injection into farm prices is also maintained, as are the more worthwhile capital improvement schemes directly administered by the Government. In addition, £6 millions, not included in the Review settlement, are allocated to pegging feeding-stuffs prices. In return the N.F.U. has given its blessing to a vague expansion programme, aimed at a further 16 per cent. increase in output by 1956. This attempt to rally the industry behind a costly programme of platitudes is not likely to have any spectacular success.

The major part of any further increase in output must come from the 200,000 small farmers with holdings of less than 100 acres. Although they like to think of themselves as members of the employing class many are little better off than skilled farm workers and nearly half of them have no hired labour. With units largely obsolete in size and layout they are unable to make full use of advances in technique. Few have managed to build up any capital from the high-price policy; since they are mostly high-cost producers, all are penalised by the present credit restrictions. Their wants tend to be simple, and it is small wonder that they prefer to jog along on £500 a year, without embarking on the increases in production which undoubtedly could be made with the use of more enterprise and capital.

Nor are such men likely to be impressed by the promissory hints of land tax and rent increases, which are being canvassed by the industrial wing of the Tory Party. Their response would be a return to the subsistence farming of the Thirties, and the urban consumer would suffer. Bad husbandry is most difficult to prove and the county committees are seldom able or willing to use their powers of dispossession. The gravity of the problem—and the prospect of real hunger

is not difficult to foresee—makes it necessary to consider a more far-reaching Socialist approach than has been envisaged during the last five years.

This begs a number of important questions which have been shelved. Foremost amongst these is the question of ownership of the land. Little further expansion can be achieved without considerable capital expenditure on drainage, farm buildings, equipment and reclamation. With the eclipse of the old landed proprietor through death duties and taxation it is accepted by many non-Socialist agriculturists that his role must be filled by the State and that nationalisation is inevitable if British farming is to be re-habilitated on a modern footing. Land nationalisation has tended to become something of a political bogy yet the moral case against using public money to inflate the value of private holdings is unassailable. Sweeping measures would not be necessary: a start could be made by developing State farms in the marginal lands and by the selective purchase of farms. Plans of this kind would need to conform to the capitalisation requirements of a full-scale expansion programme, based not on vaguely desirable targets but on the actual productive capabilities of the land in each area.

A national plan designed to capture the imagination of both consumers and farmers could then be translated into local terms. County and district committees, reorganised on a democratic basis with adequate representation of the small farmer and the farm worker, would be charged with the duty of supervising its execution and administering direct grants for capital improvements. For, unless the cost of home-produced food is to become prohibitive, it is essential that further grants should only be given with one aim in view—namely the conversion of high-cost producers into low-cost producers. The future of the small farmer clearly lies in co-operation, and a policy heavily favouring co-operation would persuade him to take advantage of the techniques of large-scale production.

A key factor in the success of any expansion programme is the quality of the personnel and an outlet for the energies of keen qualified young men is long overdue. Farming has become a highly technical business and the sale of farms to men whose only qualification is the size of their bank balance is no more defensible than the sale of medical practices to quacks. A scheme is needed, similar to that which has operated successfully in New Zealand, under which the State has first option on farms which enter the market. Such farms, if suitable, could be let to qualified tenants from an official waiting list.

The role of the farm worker, too, needs to be completely re-assessed. At the moment, once he has achieved the adult rate, he has little to hope for beyond the arrival of his old age pension. But with the development of a Socialist agriculture the farm worker will have a distinctive role to play, and the work of educating the men in farming technique and management should be started without delay. The recruitment of trained personnel would enable county and district committees to take a much stronger line with farmers who failed to improve their efficiency.

Together with the improvement in production, marketing machinery would need to be revised and consumers convinced of the essential identity of interest between themselves and the farming community. While re-capitalisation was taking place consumer prices would need to be subsidised until the benefits of increased efficiency enabled prices to be lowered. No one would pretend that it would be an easy task to break down the individualistic tradition in the countryside. But the urban consumer is not interested in preserving what to the inefficient farmer may appear a good way of life. He is interested in food; and the Government that can fill his stomach will get his vote. CLIFFORD SELLY

Ministry of Justice?

IF you were a High Court litigant a century ago, you would be required to pay for three audiences before a Master in Chancery when only one was required. "No man had heeded this enormity," Lord Acton has written, "until it suggested to a young lawyer that it might be well to question and examine with rigorous suspicion every part of a system in which such things were done. The day on which that gleam lighted up the hard clear mind of Jeremy Bentham is memorable in the political calendar beyond the entire administration of many statesmen."

But even Bentham, who became the greatest law reformer the world has ever known, would be appalled at the tasks confronting the law reformer to-day. It is true that the crusader to-day can join law reform societies. These indeed, generally attack only single anomalies at a time and are sometimes preoccupied with symptoms rather than causes; but they canalise a lot of reformative zeal and serve to keep it fairly quiet. It is true also that the last Labour Government gave us more law reform than had most of its predecessors since 1861, but they were reforms which the Haldane Society, the Society of Labour Lawyers, the Howard League for Penal Reform and others had already worked out in detail and had urged for many years. To take one example: the £2 per week maximum maintenance for deserted wives had not been increased for nearly sixty years. It was nobody's business to think of it.

It should be the business of a special Ministry. There is no functionary at present who can be regarded as a Minister responsible for the administration of justice and the constant review of the law. In England, so far as the responsibility is acknowledged at all, it is borne in a general sense by the Lord Chancellor, the Home Secretary, and the Attorney-General. In particular respects it is carried by Ministers concerned with the social services, and here, accordingly, the law is under constant review. But the main mass of the law lies neglected.

The Lord Chancellor's position as chief legal adviser to the Government might seem to qualify him as the man for the job until you begin to consider some of the claims upon his time. As Speaker of the House of Lords, he must be on the Woolsack when the House is sitting as a legislative body—usually from 2.15 until 6.30 or 7 p.m. As a member of the Cabinet he is constantly in demand at its meetings, while, as its chief law officer, he is responsible in the Lords for all Bills involving legal practice or points of law. He is President of the House when it sits to hear appeals from the lower courts, which it does from 10.30 to 4 on four days a week; and it is he who must put the judgments of the House into written form. When possible he sits as President of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and must in any event carry the responsibility for the constitution of it and the work it does. He is President of the Supreme Court, recommends the appointment of its judges, and presides over the Committee that draws up the Rules under which it operates—the Rules which comprise the *Annual Practice*, the monumental "White Book" which is the Bible of the legal profession. He is responsible for the 600 County Courts in the country, as well as the appointment of their judges; and he appoints all the unpaid J.P.s, the stipendiary magistrates and the recorders. He controls the Land Registry, the Public Trustee Office, and some hundreds of ecclesiastical benefices (far more of these, in fact, than the two archbishops together). In the rather brief intervals between these duties he is supposed to discuss Government measures with his colleagues. And he issues election writs. All these jobs, you may say, he delegates. But he delegates less than any other Minister.

Yet it is the Home Secretary, and not the Lord Chancellor, who is responsible for the administration of the criminal law, the prevention of crime, and the maintenance of public order and safety. Both these great offices, however cordially their occupants may co-operate (and few men can trace the line that divides them), already have the suggested weaknesses of a Ministry of Justice, the chief of which is the problem of political tenure, without its manifest advantages. And although the Lord Chancellor is often pointed to as, in effect, our Minister of Justice, his great disqualification for that office is that he can never sit in the House of Commons.

Whether or not we call the Lord Chancellor's Department a Ministry of Justice, that is in effect what it is, though it still leaves the police, the probation service, the justices' clerks, the prisons, and the coroners to the Home Office. In fifty years it has grown from a small secretariat, largely preoccupied with ceremonial matters, into a major Department of State concerned vitally with social welfare. Once this was recognised, there need be no further fear that a Ministry of Justice, in taking its place, would bring too much political influence into judicial matters—the commonest argument in favour of the *status quo* at all costs. Enthusiasm for such a Ministry, beginning with Bentham, has waxed and waned as the law has appeared to be alternately overtaking and falling behind current social need. But as Mr. Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., pointed out in a letter to *The Times* on March 21, the creation of a Ministry of Justice need not affect the principle that the judiciary must be wholly independent of the executive. In 1918, Lord Haldane's Committee on the Machinery of Government reported emphatically in favour of such a Ministry, recommending that all judicial appointments remain with the Lord Chancellor. Whether a Ministry of Justice or a rationalised Lord Chancellor's Department could best serve the purpose of law reform may be debatable. But whichever we decided to call it, we ought to see that it had a permanent Department, under an assistant Minister, concerned solely to keep the general law under review and up to date. The present system, which leaves vital matters of social importance to the hit-or-miss prospects of Private Members' Bills and their chances of sponsorship or adoption by the Government, is quite indefensible. And the new Ministry might well entrust a Committee of its livelier lawyers with the job of codification—beginning with the criminal law.

But the new Ministry, after the birthday celebrations, might settle down into a legalistic lethargy? I can suggest a constant irritant to keep it awake. Let there be a clause, in the Statute creating the Ministry of Justice, decreeing that every Act of Parliament (to take in, as soon as possible, every Common Law rule worth preserving) must expire on December 31 in the fiftieth year of its life unless re-enacted by Parliament after proper consideration and debate. The worst of all the law's delays is its slowness in self-criticism. C. H. ROLPH

An Ailing Child

ONCE again the specialists have been called in to examine that intractable problem child—the British film industry. Their report* is the most painstaking work of analysis I have yet read on this difficult case, but when I came to their final diagnosis and found that they were not convinced that the child would ever grow up and stand on its financial feet unaided, I began to wonder whether the right sort of specialists had been consulted.

Someone should certainly examine the child's guardian at the Board of Trade, who has had the child in his care for over a quarter of a century. To quote the doctors: "It may seem hardly credible that in 1949, when the Government had already been involved in the affairs of the film industry for over twenty years, there were still no official figures of the aggregate seating capacity of British cinemas, nor were there any weekly figures of attendances, of the amount paid in film hire, nor of any of the various transactions which took place throughout the industry." The chief function of the Board of Trade seems to have been receiving and pigeonholing the reports of the numerous committees of inquiry.

It is admittedly a very difficult case. The structure of the industry is highly complicated and being composed of such peculiar people as promoters, financiers, publicity men, artists and technicians (ranging from the politically minded electricians and studio men down to the politically unconscious usherettes), it would not be an easy industry to administer at the best of times. The main problem has been how to make British film production pay and to stop American films driving British off the national screen. Since 1927, the year of the first Cinematograph Films Act, it has therefore been a protected industry—protected not by tariff but by a system of quota. But protection does not make for efficiency. In the case of films it made for some scandalous company promotions, for American-financed "quota quickies" and for squandermania. It was in the post-war boom up to 1948 that the squandermania reached dizzy heights. Sir George Gater's Working Party on film production costs reported in October, 1949: "During this period many people were attracted to the industry who lacked experience in film-making and, encouraged by the exceptional success of certain British films and the boom in cinema attendances, films were made with an ever increasing demand of cost." It was this folly and extravagance that bankrupted British film-making, and I regret that the learned doctors of P.E.P. have glossed over the delinquencies of their patient in their eagerness to prove that he must be spoon-fed by the State.

Being scared of increasing unemployment in the studios and a complete stoppage of production, Mr. Harold Wilson, when President of the Board of Trade, decided to add financial aid to protection by quota. In the summer of 1948 he set up the National Film Finance Corporation with power to lend £5 millions—subsequently raised to £6 millions—to producers directly or indirectly. The stoppage of production was prevented but the problem of unprofitable production was not solved. It was pretty clear that the producer, however competent or incompetent he might be, was not getting a fair enough share of the box office. So in 1950, thanks to Sir Wilfred Eady of the Treasury, the so-called "Eady Plan" came into being. By agreeing to adjust the incidence of Entertainments Tax, the Treasury induced the distributors and exhibitors to accept a voluntary levy for the benefit of the producers.

* THE BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY. *P.E.P.* 18s.

To help finance the plan the public was made to pay one penny extra for seats over 1s. 6d., of which the Treasury took a halfpenny and the exhibitor and producers a farthing each. In Mr. Gaitskell's last Budget a further adjustment of tax was made and a further rise in seat prices—3d., in the average—was imposed, enabling the producers' levy to go from a farthing to three-farthings on seats over 1s. Provided the public did not change its cinema-going habits, this new "Eady Plan" was expected to bring in an extra £14.8 millions into the box offices, of which the Treasury would take £6.8, the exhibitors £3.2, the renters £1.7 and the producers £3.1 millions. And that will make all the difference between profit and loss for competent producers. From August, 1951, when the new plan came into effect the managers of the Film Production Fund, into which the levy is paid, are to pay out to producers an extra 30 per cent. on their share of the "distributors' gross" which will enable most of them not only to stand on their financial feet, but to make a decent profit.

Both the National Film Finance Corporation and the Producers' Levy are to continue until 1954, and the question is whether both should remain permanent features of the industry. The P.E.P. authors argue in the affirmative. The Government, they say, must not only protect film production indefinitely but "aid it financially for as far ahead as can be seen." Otherwise, they add, American films, having the advantages of mass production and wider markets, will drive British films off the national screen. But P.E.P. does not tell the whole story or put the question fairly. No one will deny that the Producers' Levy is essential, or object if the Government finds a legislative way to make it compulsory. And no one would oppose some form of national protection by way of quota or the limitation of American film imports. But there is very strong objection to financial aid being given in such a way that private pockets are lined and the profits of monopolistic combines are enlarged.

The National Film Finance Corporation was originally set up to prevent *independent* film production being closed down. (Mr. Harold Wilson had no intention of underwriting the big Rank group.) That was why it was directed at the outset to lend £2 millions (subsequently £3 millions) to the British Lion Film Corporation which was servicing and financing the largest and most reputable group of *independent* producers (including Carol Reed). But the N.F.F.C. has now organised three groups of producers to work in the studios of the two monopolistic combines—the J. Arthur Rank Organisation and the Associated British Picture Corporation—and to produce quota films for *their* distribution and *their* circuit theatres. Why should State guarantees be given to remove the financial risk from quota film production for the benefit of the shareholders of these two great combines? What is still more obnoxious is that in setting up these group companies the N.F.F.C. has put the control of style and taste into the hands of three business men—Mr. James Lawrie, Mr. Robert Clark and Mr. John Davis, the managing directors respectively of the N.F.F.C., the A.B.P.C. and the J.A.R.O., the first a banker, the second a lawyer and the third an accountant. Outside the British Lion group virtually no story, no artists, no director, can now be put together in a film without the blessing of these finance dictators. For better or worse the banker's film adviser is Sir Michael Balcon of Ealing Studios, who is a director of Odeon and the adviser also of Mr. Rank. Can this be the right way to create a superior film-making industry? Surely if British films are to distinguish themselves by the originality and freshness of their approach, they must be kept independent of the financial dictation of theatre combines and public boards.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

A Slight Case of Devil Worship

THAT most Scots are, or would like to be, on close terms with Old Nick has long been an open secret. Highland ministers make no bones about it on the Sabbath day, and Scottish literature and folk song provide ample confirmation. Nearly every reference to the De'il in the song and speech of the people is cordial in the extreme, and no language can boast so many affectionate diminutives for Lucifer as the old Scots tongue.

The reasons for such exuberant demonophily are not far to seek. Calvinist theology divided mankind into two irreconcilable camps, the Elect and the Damned, and made it plausible that the second of these was by far the more numerous. The Damned were known by their randy laughter, and by a godless delight in the pleasures of living. What was worse, the self-elected Elect seemed by an aggravation of predestinate unfairness to be exactly those who in this world were in more comfortable circumstances than their neighbours. Who can wonder that in face of all this the Damned felt the need to organise?

Needless to say, their organisation had to be clandestine. The Elect held the stage, and have held it on and off to this day. With their groaning-jonah jaws and their kindly-malicious eyes, they still plant themselves in the centre of every regrettable official front which Scotland presents to the world. One must own, nevertheless, that the achievements of the Damned have been many and varied. Fighting their war on the home front, they kept the peat-fires burning, produced fine spirit from illicit stills and retold heroic tales which the Kirk condemned. They sang the old songs, and recreated their favourites to make new ones. The Damned have not only in every age been much better company than the Elect; they have also performed the honourable function of preserving the folk heritage of the people. In many ways this resistance movement of the Damned is the most admirable thing in Scottish history.

A few weeks ago I was in the North-East recording folk songs. Aberdeenshire has always been a great place for balladry: nearly a third of the best texts in Professor Child's collection come from there. It is also the place, as I discovered, where the organisation of the Damned flourished most widely and lingered longest. The name of the society was "The Horseman's Word," and it embraced virtually the entire farm labourer population of the North-East. Its principal ceremony, which was most often celebrated around Martinmas, was an elaborate initiation rite in the course of which the young lads of the neighbourhood were "made horsemen." The number of initiates taking part in these capers had to be an odd number, but it was usually thirteen; the place chosen was always a barn a good bit off the beaten track. When the "minister" and the "elders" of the cult had collected the names of sufficient novices, they passed round the word to attend; this was sometimes done by sending a single horse hair in an envelope to the brother invited. Each novice was told of the summons to attend by a senior horseman; he was also told that he had to bring with him a bottle of whisky, a jar of berries and a loaf of bread.

On the appointed night the lads were roused and convoyed across country to the barn selected for

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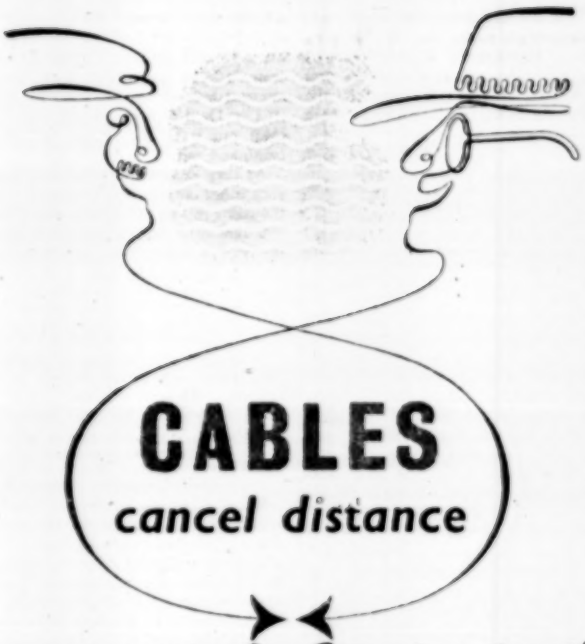

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the ceremony. On the way they were blindfolded. When the horsemen got to the door of the barn, they gave the "Horseman's Knock," pawed three times on the door with hands or feet, and whinnied like horses. Inside the door stood the "minister," and the following interrogation took place :—

Who cometh? In the name of the Word speak your name. — A brother. *A brother of what?* — Of horsemanry. — *Who bade ye come here?* — The Devil. — *What way did ye come? The crooked way, or the straight way of the path?*—By the hooks and crooks of the road. — *In what light did ye come?* — The stars and the light of the moon. — *What's the tender of the oath?* — Hele, conceal, never reveal : neither write, nor dite, nor recite : nor cut, nor carve, nor write in sand.—

Towards midnight the ceremony began. The novices, still blindfolded, knelt in a circle round the "minister," each with his left foot bare and his left hand raised. The minister rehearsed the mysteries of the Word : he told the lads the name of the first horseman, which was Cain, and gave them the Word itself, which was another word written backwards. He also revealed the two verses of the Bible which were to be read backwards when a horseman wished to invoke the aid of the Devil.

As the novices received the Word they swore "neither to write, nor dite, nor recite it." Immediately afterwards the minister tried to trick them into breaking their oath, himself ordering them to write the Word. Many refused, but if any greenhorn fell for the trick he was given a "lick" over the fingers with the back chain of a cart or the stock of a horsewhip. After this, the novices were pushed one by one into the *caufhoose* (chaff house) of the barn for "a shak o' Auld Hornie." No horseman was a right "made" horseman if he had not shaken hands with the Devil, so everyone had to go through it. Sometimes the De'il was a man dressed in a calf skin rubbed with phosphorous ; sometimes he was a live calf or goat. In either case the novice felt a hoof pressed into his hand, and he was ordered to shake it.

This completed the initiation. After it, the bottles of whisky were uncorked, and the meeting became less formal. The newly initiated horsemen were given "information" by their seniors, in which practical hints on the managing of horses were mixed up with the wildest of supernatural folklore. Stories were related of the prowess of some famous horseman, who with the Devil's assistance could make stallions dance around the cornyard, and follow at his heels wherever he went. If a horseman who had signed himself over to the De'il had trouble with some coarse, ill-natured Calvinist-minded mare, all he had to do was this : take her collar and bridle to the cross-roads, "say over his lessons" (*i.e.*, recite two verses of the Bible backwards) and a horse would appear. He would have good cause to be feared—for the horse would be the Devil—but if he took courage, slipped the collar over the cratur's head and mounted it, he would never afterwards have trouble from his pair of horses. ("The De'il is a gey handy man"—as one old chap put it to me—"and he has a splash o' command yet.")

As they drank, the horsemen would challenge each other on points of horsemanry, and rehearse the cult's mysteries. One question often put was : "Where were ye made a horseman?" To this the correct answer went as follows :—

In a Horseman's hall
where the sun never shone
where the wind never blew
where a cock never crew
and the feet of a maiden never trod.

In this, as in other rhymes associated with the cult, there are reminiscences of the classical balladry. Here is the first verse of Leesome Brand in Peter Buchan's collection :

My boy was scarcely ten years old
When he went to an unco land
Where wind never blew, nor cocks ever crew—
Ohone! for my son Leesome Brand.

By now the time had arrived for the drinking of toasts. John Knox's Kirk had carried the traditional Christian offensive against the flesh to unscalable heights of absurdity, so the Horseman's Word righted the balance ; with the aid of the Merry Muses it glorified the flesh, as it did the Devil, in verse of gargantuan bawdry. None of these toasts, alas, is printable, but the first two lines of one may serve to give something of their flavour :

Here's to the swan that swims in the dam
And dips her neb in adultery . . . .

Sooner or later during the proceedings the ceremonial horseman's toast was given :

—Here's to the Horse wi' the four white feet
The chestnut tail and mane—
A star on his face and a spot on his breast
And his master's name was Cain.

Drinking and revelry went on until dawn, when the horsemen staggered off to their own farms—to Auchnamoon, say, or Satyrhills or Cairnadellie—to cope with horses in the cold light of day.

Although its links with the witch cult are obvious enough—the covens of the 17th century also had thirteen members—the Horseman's Word did not admit the woman witch. Indeed, its members swore never to reveal the mysteries to "anyone who wears an apron, except a blacksmith or a farrier."

Great interest attaches to another phrase, "hele and conceal," which occurs in the oath. In the old Scottish kingdom this was part of the oath of homage ("I shall . . . your counsell conceil and heill, that ye schaw me"), but it is also part of the ritual of freemasonry, and Joyce uses it at a dramatic moment in *Ulysses*, towards the end of the Walpurgisnacht section, when Bloom addresses Stephen for the first time by his Christian name.

That the Horseman's Word was a kind of freemasonry, at any rate in the obligations of help and counsel which it imposed, cannot be doubted. In the 19th century many of the horses used for farm work in the North-East were cross-breeds between Galloways and Highland shelts, and these were inclined to be restive recalcitrant brutes. At a time when a farm servant's fee for a six-month term might be as little as ten shillings, and when farmers had small mercy for the labour they employed, it was more than a man's job was worth to seem incompetent in dealing with his pair of horses. So the experienced "Horseman" helped his younger mate to break horses that were giving him trouble.

Although it seems to have developed out of two earlier cults called the Ploughman's Word and the Miller's Word, which were also custodians of diabolism, the Horseman's Word corresponds to a definite period in the social history of the north-east countryside, the so-called "bothy" period, when farm workers were lodged and fed in communal living quarters called bothies. Since it was consciously anti-farmer, the cult suggests in certain of its manifestations a kind of primitive trade unionism which is employing the organisational forms, the centuries-old cadres of the witch-cult. One thing is certain. Although rites involving the horse are older than the Druids, the Word in its final form cannot be older than about 1820, because until then oxen and not horses were used for farm work in Buchan.

After the turn of the century the cult began to wither, and with the coming of the tractor it became a museum piece. What the kirk had for generations failed to do, the tractor accomplished in a decade . . . . However, the fact that it survived so long and so lustily raises a number of interesting questions. It used to be thought that the 17th-century warlock Major Weir, who by day prayed with a fervent groan among the Covenanting saints and after dark presided at the phallic revels of the witch cult, was an isolated example of depraved monstrosity. The facts that have come to light suggest that in the decorous kirkyards of Angus, Kincardine, and Buchan there lie thousands and thousands of Scots countrymen who in their day paid homage to both God and the Devil.

HAMISH HENDERSON

Poets and the Party

AT a time when the police are hunting Communists in France, it may be opportune to examine the place they hold in the cultural life of the country. One cannot ignore the fact that, in France, the C.P. has been, intellectually, a centre of attraction to many men and women of great merit. Apart from painters and scientists, writers have come to Communism from all kinds of places —not least from Surrealism, where two of the pillars of the C.P., Eluard and Aragon, started their literary careers. Other Communist writers who have made an impression well outside the Party are Marguerite Duras and Roger Vailland, whose play on Korea recently caused such a hullaballoo.

That many, if not all, these French intellectuals attracted by Communism have a good many mental reservations about Soviet literary theories, and are not entirely happy about various types of conformism expected of them by the French C.P. itself, is obvious enough; but most of them seemingly reason that Communism is "healthier" and is prompted by "nobler motives" than bourgeois society with its fetishism of property and its basic colonialism. The French Liberation was, to them, a time of enthusiasm: they saw a better world ahead. Now, in the last five years of reaction, France, to them, has come, more and more, under the control of the bourgeoisie, which has cheerfully (if it is capable of being cheerful about anything!) accepted its subservience to the United States. Amongst the Communist writers, there is a violent revolt against the "Free World boloney," with Burnham and Arthur Koestler as its chief ideologists, and against the "equal boloney of European federalism and world government."

What could, on the face of it, be odder than the Communist idea that—Corneille is good for you! Yet I was not surprised by my discovery of this; for I remember writing, a couple of years ago, in

Next Week June 21

SUMMER BOOKS

will contain many extra review pages. Under the title "Floreat Bibliomania!" the Librarian of King's College, Cambridge writes the main feature article. In addition to the usual reviews, contributors will deal with books appropriate to summer reading, covering a variety of topics such as travel and topography, cricket, detectives and humorists, wine and food etc.

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analysing some recent Soviet novels, that their didacticism, their standardised conflicts and their nobility of sentiment had plenty of parallels in the literature of the past, and I quoted as an example the tragedies of Corneille. Thus, in connection with a recent production of *Le Cid* by the Théâtre National Populaire, the Communist *Nouvelle Critique* wrote:—

> M. Lanson was quite right when, in explaining our bourgeoisie's preference for Racine, he wrote fifty years ago: "The characters of Racine are much nearer to us than those of Corneille. With our common souls, our surrender to passion is more common than the resistance of will-power. Corneille belongs to a different epoch: he expresses a stronger and harsher nature, which, for a long time, was the true nature of the French people. . . ."
>
> No doubt, a lot of things in Corneille are "archaic"; and yet is it not true that workers are quite capable of appreciating his greatness and nobility, even through situations that are out of date? For the love and heroism of Corneille's heroes have plenty of present-day parallels—and present-day workers find them in the struggles of their class and of their people. . . . For is not a striker's wife, whose children have to go without milk, but who is still determined to go on with the struggle, faced with a situation truly out of Corneille?

To take Corneille as an isolated example of the "Communist approach" perhaps makes it all sound rather silly; yet, taken together with the Communist approach to dozens of other writers, it is as good an example as any of the "national," "anti-bourgeois" and "anti-cosmopolitan" philosophy of the C.P. In the same way, in the recent discussions round Victor Hugo, whom the Communists had proclaimed as "one of theirs," they made many highly questionable statements; but they still made out a case that was not too bad: while agreeing that Victor Hugo had many worthless "baroque" sides to him, the fact remained that he was essentially the people's writer, who had now for years been despised by all the decadent coteries. There were *Les Misérables*; there was his revolt against Napoleon III—"the Pinay of his time."

A lot of lively argument and hard hitting are to be found in recent numbers of Communist reviews, with their constant debunking of "Free World" self-righteousness. A good example is the attack by Pierre Hervé on Albert Camus's philosophical treatise, *L'Homme Révolté*, hailed by most French critics as the last word in the ideological justification of the "Free World" against Soviet totalitarianism. Hervé's main argument denies Camus's alleged intellectual honesty; in this ideological defence of the "Free World" Camus had managed, throughout his 400 closely printed pages, to make only one reference of *four lines* to the hundreds of millions of coloured people in the world—those hundreds of millions who are being exploited and are starving. Only the "imaginary horror" of Communism, not the overwhelming reality of colonialism, had produced a revolt in the tender soul of M. Camus.

Equally interesting in its own way is the collection of essays by Roger Garaudy, *Une Littérature de Fossoyeurs*, on the intellectual leaders of bourgeois literature to-day—Sartre, Mauriac, Malraux, Koestler, etc. Malraux, to him, is not a real revolutionary; he is merely a man thirsting for violent subjective experiences, with a morbid attraction to death—a view curiously borne out by Malraux's harangue at a recent American-sponsored conference where he made people's flesh creep with his almost jolly apocalyptic visions of an atomised world.

At the end of his study on Sartre, Garaudy writes:—

> Following the mirage of solitary and shapeless freedom, so attractive to men without roots and desperate in their helplessness, Sartre takes his followers down a blind alley. *The Flies* pathetically render this anguish. "I am living in empty space, I am all alone," his Orestes cries, and he begs for "the joy of being able to go somewhere. . . ." His spineless world has lost all object, and his liberty all content. . . . Nothing in his philosophy opens the road to any kind of action.

Curious too is the essay on Mauriac, for whose murderous indictment of his own class, the upper bourgeoisie of Bordeaux and the Landes, Garaudy gives him top marks, and whose heroes he describes as the true descendants of Balzac's Goriot and Molière's Harpagon. And yet, Mauriac had been incapable of breaking away from the class he despises; for although he saw the light for a short moment in the days of the Resistance, when he wrote: "In the main, the working class alone has remained faithful to France in her shame and distress," it is the Maucoudinats and Bernard Desqueyroux and all those other monsters of the Bordeaux bourgeoisie who to-day read with ecstatic glee their creator's anti-Communist editorials in their *Figaro*.

But what about the Communist writers themselves? The most famous of them is, of course, Aragon, and, as Roger Stéphane recently wrote in *L'Observateur*, it is both surprising and a pity that his six-volume *roman-fleuve*, *Les Communistes* should have been practically ignored by the bourgeois press. For, as Stéphane says, its literary merits are unquestionable, many of the scenes being not only in the best manner of Jules Romains but as penetrating in their psychological insight and their subtle social satire as some of the best pages of Marcel Proust. And yet, to most critics, it seems, the whole subject was distasteful—if it wasn't actually the editorial policy of the anti-Communist press simply to boycott Aragon. The subject matter was no doubt particularly difficult for him to handle: he deals with the French Communists during the early stages of the last war, and notably with the time of the German-Soviet pact and the outlawing of the French C.P. Some of the facts are twisted to fit his pattern; other facts are conveniently—and at times, awkwardly—suppressed; the motives he ascribes to one of the "traitors"—a transparent caricature of Paul Nizan, who was later killed at Dunkirk—were not his real motives (I knew Nizan well); and he also exaggerates the "serenity" with which the German-Soviet pact was received by the Communist rank-and-file. It caused, in reality, the most appalling bewilderment among most of them. And yet, the book manages, not so much to answer Rossi's indictment of the French C.P. during that period, as to supplement it, and to tell the story from a different viewpoint. Objectively, neither Rossi nor Aragon is entirely "truthful"; yet even apart from his devastating satire of the future Vichyites, his book contains an immense amount of material and observations about the French working class, particularly instructive to-day.

There are many other, and younger Communist novelists, the best-known amongst them being André Stil, now in prison. His Stalin Prize novel, *Le Premier Choc*, which deals with the poverty of the dockers in a seaside French town, is little more than a pioneer essay in a new *genre*. Despite a certain pretentiousness in its writing, the book lacks real distinction, and Stil's Americans are all monsters. But the relative failure of this "pioneer" does not necessarily condemn a *genre* which, in the world as it is moving to-day, is likely, on the contrary, to be provided with a great number of new suitably hair-raising subjects and possibilities. Take, for instance, Syngman Rhee . . .

ALEXANDER WERTH

A man of few words

Long before momentous events have become newspaper headlines, taciturn Tom Armstrong*, in charge of one of the paper-making machines at Bowaters Kemsley Mill, has run through the newsprint to carry the news.

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Where It All Began

In the driving rain of a stormy Whitsuntide, the hanging woods of the Severn Gorge were troubled as Housman saw Wenlock Edge, by the same fierce breath that blew through the Roman city which stood where Wroxeter now stands; bent by the wind, the trees were doing their best to drape the vestiges of an economic past vanished almost as completely as Uriconium. England is careless of her industrial *monuments historiques*.

Near Broseley, whose eighteenth-century "masters'" houses survive dingily against a landscape of grass-grown tips, and whose clay pipes—the "straws" and churchwardens fashioned by the Leggs and Noah Roden—captured the fashionable taste in London coffee houses two centuries ago, there stands an inconspicuous brick cottage, its garden full of fragments of blue and white china. It is all that remains of the original Works which Edward Browne, Squire of Caughley Hall, founded about the time the Young Pretender was making for Skye and the long years of exile. At Coalport, whither the Caughley Works—linked since 1799 to John Rose's famous pottery—were removed, brick by brick, in the year of Waterloo, nothing is left now to recall the first English home of Willow Pattern but a couple of derelict kilns and a warehouse in which rubber mats for dart-players and bathrooms are now fabricated from discarded tyres. Jamshid indeed is gone with all his Rose.

Across the river, on the Jackfield bank, where a chimney or two still smokes, and encaustic tiles and earthenware drainpipes are still made, subsidence has flung stretches of the bankside road into the Severn: shattered houses, their fronts or sides agape, lurch in abandon towards the water. Eastwards lies Madeley, whose stern Calvinist vicar, in the 1770's, would go round at five o'clock each Sunday morning with a handbell, summoning the recalcitrant miners to worship. In the churchyard of the parish church which Telford built in 1796 rain drips from formidable cast-iron tombs. Further on lies Dawley, where Captain Webb, the first Channel swimmer, was born, and Horsehay where, a century ago, four thousand workers, celebrating the birth of an heir to their master, are said to have marched, with bands and banners, in a procession which ended with the consumption of nineteen bullocks, forty-two sheep and one thousand gallons of beer. To-day, the decent, drab Victorian dwellings and chapels remain, but the coalmines and foundries are mostly derelict: from uplands whose busy industry time has nearly obliterated, save for a few tile-works still in action, one plunges into the sudden green silence of little dales.

Yet here it all began. To Coalbrookdale, a few miles upstream from Coalport, there came, in 1707, Abraham Darby. The use of charcoal for smelting was being restricted by the Government; and though the Severn Gorge was rich in wood, which could be used for the time being, there was also ample coal. What Darby had in mind, and what he achieved, was a foundry in which coked coal was used as a substitute for charcoal in smelting. A Quaker, he had no intention of going in for gun-casting, the then staple of the foundry trade: the first fruits of his success were cast-iron cooking pots. Under the aegis of later Darbys, the Coalbrookdale Works became the centre of England's first "Black Country"; the great bridge whose daring cast-iron arches still span the Severn, the iron tombs in Madeley churchyard, the gates which formed the entrance to the Great Exhibition, the florid cast lamp-posts, table-tops and fruit plates which delighted Victorian England are a monument to Abraham Darby's pioneer achievement. He laid the foundations: through a procession of great names—Cort and Huntsman, Neilson and Bessemer—the foundries and forges of the steel age followed.

To-day, up the dale, a Company bearing the original name still casts—with an appropriate regard for Quaker domesticity—iron for grates and stoves; and you may still see the long, low black-and-white house where the first Abraham Darby lived. But not much else will soon be left to recall the founder of Britain's heavy industry. In the ruins of works where the first steam cylinders were cast for Trevithick and James Watt, there are the remnants of a broken gable of heavy timbers, a desolate brick shed which was perhaps once the moulding shop, and across the entry to a furnace long cold and clammy you may see a cast-iron girder with "Abraham Darby, 1767" raised on it in relief. Time erases: on the slag heaps of the old Coalbrookdale Works briar grows blindly. . . . Nothing survives to-day of Uricon but a few feet of crumbled Roman wall in a meadow where cows graze.

Coalbrookdale, June. AYLMER VALLANCE

The Arts and Entertainment

A GREAT CRITIC

Sir Desmond MacCarthy had at his command all the gifts that make a writer of permanence. First and foremost he had that blessed gift of style or flow, which so beguiles a reader that, once drawn in, he cannot leave off until the end. Behind this, a vivid memory, keen observation, love of life and an unbounded curiosity about it, and the temper to view it with the indulgence of compassion. Not surprising, then, "the enormous self-esteem" and "the excessively high hopes" (as he himself records) of the young man he was at twenty-two—these gifts could surely not fail to be "projected into a work of art—a play, a novel, a biography." The one thing lacking was—not to go any deeper—the ability to start. He could only (so I, at anyrate remember him) bring himself to write when the Printer's Boy was actually waiting for his copy. This stimulus present, he seemed to write so easily, fluently, naturally (just as he talked) that watching him you would have thought that nothing could ever have stopped him writing. And indeed that was true too—he stopped only when the Last Boy left. But the inability to start is, like the complementary inability to finish, a temperamental defect that turns the potential creator into the literary journalist.

The man he became was tolerant enough of the different achievement. The literary journalist's profession, as Mr. Walter Allen recently expounded in these columns in reviewing MacCarthy's fine volume, *Portraits*, is not to be despised, especially when it is practised with the brilliance which Sir Desmond brought to it. The only sad thing is that its products are all too soon forgotten, and doubtless many first-rate talents lie buried in the files of periodicals. Like the actor, the literary journalist may easily live only as long as the memory of him: and whether or not the essays gathered into the three volumes, *Experience*, *Criticism* and *Portraits* will survive as long as they deserve, is open to a doubt. On the other hand, time that takes its revenge on the actor's vanity, is correspondingly indulgent to one kind of literary journalist, the dramatic critic. And Sir Desmond, it must not be forgotten, was primarily a dramatic critic, the equal of the best. As long as Walkley and Archer, Max, and C. E. Montague (to put it no higher) are remembered, so will he be. Not having practised in the last seven years; he may have been temporarily a little forgotten in this regard. But with the years his reputation will grow and grow; producers and actors will increasingly turn to his volumes to glean from him hints about the staging of Chekhov and Ibsen and Shaw: and critics, if they are wise, will frequently consult him.

What was the special secret of Desmond MacCarthy's quality? Wide reading, catholicity of taste, sound judgment? Yes, of course; but hundreds of people have these. The famous urbanity, the boundless charm? Period graces, perhaps, to which our age may even grow increasingly hostile. Personally, I trace it to qualities of heart, kept fresh from youth, a fascinated interest in people, the sense of adventure and a capacity for hero-worship. Somewhere he wrote of "the two prime contemplative pleasures—the exercise of the analytic faculty and the delight in watching the movement of life." It was the movement of life in every manifestation that he responded to, that most quickened his interest and set his analytic faculty going. He sounded each play or character or piece of acting, tapping and testing it to see whether it had about it somewhere the ring of truth to life, and he was prepared to be generous—over-generous sometimes—to anything that had even a vestige of that. He referred books and plays, not to other books and plays, but to life. His absorbed and endless delight in Ibsen and Chekhov, for instance, came from finding the characters they created boundlessly interesting and universally true. "Ibsen's characters have roots which tempt one to pull them up again and again. And they are so deeply embedded in the stuff of experience that tugging at them brings up incidentally every sort of moral, social and psychological question, upon which those who would understand themselves and others can go on meditating, while feeling that they have still more to learn."

Every play he went to had the excitement of being an adventure, and he was as determined as a child is to find each enjoyable; consequently he seldom came away without finding something that had set him going. This quality translated itself into his notices which kept the spontaneity of an exploration. His description of Henry James talking might apply to his own criticism. "Each talk was thus a fresh adventure, an opportunity of discovering to himself what he thought about books and human beings." Every essay of his starts the hare of some human truth, related to the subject under discussion, and he had the art of seeming to make his discoveries as he went along. "Sir James Barrie has 'a way with him.' What kind of 'a way,' I hope in the course of writing to discover," begins his notice of the first performance of *Dear Brutus*. And in the course of writing he did discover something true, not only about Barrie as a writer, but about a recognisable type of human person. "The sympathy of such old people for the young is a boundless, tender admiration—provided that the young consent to being figures in the picture and remain in it; but woe betide them if they do not. . . . I cannot approve Sir James Barrie as a lover of youth, because I have never yet seen in his work that sympathy with pimpled and sullen spiritual gawkiness which, it seems to me, youth's true lover must also possess." This sense of adventure was indulged by the luck of his coming in for two dramatists of the first importance. Chekhov was only beginning, in the period he covered, to make a tentative impression with English audiences. Desmond MacCarthy responded with all his sensibility to Chekhov's vision of life; he related it to life as we know it in this island and explained it for us, audiences and performers alike, as no one else did. Then, he was the official recorder of the Vedrenne-Barker season at the Court Theatre. And he chronicled Shaw's career with a sanity and balance that must have been difficult to maintain in the face of that all-battering genius.

The balance was even more remarkable because, as he later confessed, he hero-worshipped Shaw. He never lost—and this is a priceless quality in a dramatic critic—that capacity for hero-worship which impelled him in youth to make the sacred journeys to call on Hardy, Mere-

dith, Henry James. But his heroes were by no means just the fashionable ones. By the time he began dramatic criticism, for instance, the wave of enthusiasm for Ibsen had passed, and advanced persons were beginning to be *blasé* about the stuffy Norwegian. This was something he would never allow, for Ibsen was one of the heroes he never stopped worshipping. Even last year something I had blunderingly said about *Hedda Gabler* prompted him (I am proud to record) to a four-page letter amplifying and analysing the point. Characteristically, he forgot to post it, but enclosed it later when sending good wishes for the New Year. To those good wishes he added—and it defines his attitude—"And may you have the luck to discover at least two good new dramatists during the year, for to discover new talent is the most rewarding thing that can happen to a dramatic critic."

T. C. WORSLEY

IVON HITCHENS

IVON HITCHENS, who is now showing nearly fifty paintings at the Leicester Galleries, is to my mind the most important English painter now living. But he is certainly an isolated figure. In a country where painting is understood primarily in terms of literature, if at all; where critics still react first and foremost to what they call the "mood" or "atmosphere" of a painting, instead of to its pictorial qualities, its palpable reality; where realism in some form, romantic or otherwise, is perennially in favour—*and*, therefore, where realism's opposite, pure non-figurative abstraction, is also very acceptable—a painter in whom all the virtues of the central tradition in Western painting are so strong is bound to appear lonely. The English understand pure abstraction, or constructivism, because it is an art dominated by ideas (and to that extent it too is "literary"): their fear of the sensuous is not aroused—as it is both by Fauvism and Cubism. Neither of these movements has ever been understood, to any significant degree, by the English. Those who have admired one or other of these schools have never been capable of embracing their whole meaning: Matthew Smith emulated the exuberant spontaneity but not the intellectual discipline of Matisse. Wyndham Lewis's Cubism was devoid of the sensuous validity, the visual reality, of Braque or Picasso. And we have had lesser "Fauves" and "Cubists": but either their understanding of the grammar of their great masters is so shallow as to appear amateur; or they follow too far, and break their connection with their English environment—which native setting *must* be the principal natural source of inspiration for an English artist.

The artist has, of course, two major sources upon which he draws all the time: art and nature. That stimulant, that nourishment which he draws from the art of others should be taken from whatever quarter contains it in the most concentrated form. And since such material is in greater abundance in Paris than anywhere else on earth at the present time, there is, inescapably, an international traffic in aesthetic ideas in the world today, with Paris as its centre. But then the artist must also draw upon "life" or "nature" or "reality" direct: the artistic concepts he absorbs from works of art are valueless to him if he cannot use them as tools for grappling with his own, essentially private, experiences in the face of nature. The best art in any Western country has, therefore, at once an international and an intensely local character.

In England the art of Ivon Hitchens is the best example of this necessary fusion. The result, as I hope to explain, is both brilliantly original and profoundly traditional. And, of course, that fusion—a post-Cubist grammar of form and a post-Fauve science of symbolic colour are the means Hitchens has used to convey his wonderfully sensitive response to Sussex millstreams and copses—denies the English critic both the categories he likes best. For Hitchens is concerned neither with the illusionistic rendering of appearances, nor with an empty pattern, a mere organisation of the picture surface. What he is concerned to create is a visual harmony or counterpoint which is itself the only possible statement of a set of visual experiences of the Sussex landscape. Nor is such "visual experience" of a passive nature: the painter who is passive, merely opening and shutting his receptive eyes, like a camera, to trap an image, is only a realist. But Hitchens, like the best painters everywhere, is engaged in a subtle act of empathy at every stage. The upward surge of the white birch trunk is not netted as a dead fact by a photographic eye. It is translated into movement—into an upward swing of a large brush. And the taut, precise yet generously ample stroke of pale yellow-grey which results on the canvas is itself expressive of movement in time: it has a beginning and an end: it measures itself, in terms both of movement and of time, against all the other brush-strokes in the picture.

Indeed, there is no area of scribbled paint which does not, in a Hitchens, immediately make itself felt not only as something registering forms in space; not only as evoking a branch, or the "air-pocket" between trees; but as movement in time. The rhythmic strokes can only be fully interpreted, fully enjoyed, as *rhythm*. One unravels the strokes that have gone into the formation of a particular mass (the soft-rounded mass of a knob of birch foliage perhaps) and the unravelling itself takes time, itself becomes a movement with its intervals, its jerks and its intermittent flowings. All this one apprehends from the frozen brushstrokes, whether in Cézanne, Rubens, Constable or Hitchens: it is the justification for the use of the word, *rhythm*. Of all English painters living, Hitchens has the strongest pulse, the most articulate rhythm.

The paintings in his present exhibition consist of landscape and still life—but mostly landscape. Not all are recent works, for this is intended as a retrospective exhibition, covering the period 1940-52, in addition to presenting his new paintings. There are no nudes: that excursion was less successful than I remember thinking at the time. Hitchens has his own unique vocabulary of pictorial forms; and it consists of the brilliantly sure arrangement in depth of flat screens of colour, one behind the other, evocative of separate objects related in space—in other words, objects in a landscape. The confined space and the single mass of a nude study are not readily interpreted in such terms. So Hitchens is essentially a landscape painter (even his exquisite flower still lifes are somehow extended into the spatial dimensions of landscape). And this is a special of his distinction: for he is almost the only true landscapist whose idiom may be described as post-Cubist. Peter Lanyon, much younger, is the only other I can think of.

Another distinction is this: among British painters over forty Hitchens alone, it seems to me, has gone from strength to strength, deepening and intensifying his vision, so that an unquestionably organic development is felt to have been the means which transformed the early Hitchens canvasses into the later. But, with his most distinguished contemporaries, there is no such progressive strengthening of vision, no equivalent continuity of growth—Henry Moore excepted, of course. And it strikes me that possibly the one and only thing which Moore and Hitchens have in common—a genius, in terms of their respective materials, for *sensuous* expressiveness—is the one absolutely indispensable quality which must accompany any talent, if early brilliance is to be superseded by maturity. Hitchens is the most sensuous British painter of our time: whereas his most brilliant rivals are conspicuously lacking in this quality. Nicholson treats oil-paint as if it were, alternatingly, watercolour, or a stone surface to be carved: Sutherland tries to make oil-paint function like a dye or a coloured ink.

Now Hitchens' more sensuous approach involves him in treating oil-paint with a greater respect for its inherent quality. In fact, his best

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pictures achieve the ideal identification of vision and technique which is the mark of pure mastery. In his canvases we do not feel that there is any destroying dichotomy, in which one is conscious of two separate entities imperfectly overlapping —*i.e.*, the work as conceived and as executed. The passionate sideways stabbing of a large blunt brush, loaded with a dull yet luminous olive mixture, registers the near (so near, it is almost out of focus) curved, lower branch of a pine tree in terms of a broad, fuzzy arc of olive paint. A second stab, and there we see a second branch, exactly ten feet behind the first, but less fuzzy, more in focus; and greener, perhaps, because of some play of the light, as it filters down through the furry, blue-green layers of the pine tree. The point is: the stabbed arc of greeny-olive paint is the pine branch. You are not made conscious of an object (the pine branch) and at the same time left unconscious of the actual paint that evokes it: that would be the fallacy of realism, which aims at an illusionistic rendering of natural appearances. Nor, on the other hand, are you conscious of some paint on canvas, but not conscious of the pine branch: that would be the fallacy of "pure abstraction." Instead, you are conscious of the branch as paint. In such duality lies the central tradition I have mentioned.

PATRICK HERON

TELEVISION NOTES

LYNN POOLE, who has been appearing in this country in a series of three science programmes produced by Andrew Miller Jones, is a popular exponent of scientific subjects on American television. He works in association with the Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, in a regular programme called the *Johns Hopkins Science Review*. I must admit to disappointment with the presentation he was given in the second programme in the series, which I saw the day after my return from America. Mr. Poole informally visited the Royal Society, saw some of its treasured possessions and took a guest's part in an explanation of the Society's purpose given by Professor Andrade and in a demonstration of some of the experiments given before the Society in earlier times. The result was unshowmanlike and dull, which is rare in programmes with which Mr. Miller Jones is concerned. The Anglo-American compliments were perfunctory, and what should have been an exciting display of personalities became a desultory exchange of facts and handshakes. This is a pity, as the event was an important interchange between American and British television, and the programme, with the others in the series, is being shown in the States.

Philip Dorté, Head of Television Films, is to be congratulated on achieving the last stage but one towards his objective of a daily newsreel, with the introduction of a new edition each day from Mondays to Fridays. This, he states in *The Radio Times*, will enable the B.B.C. "to devote more space to events happening in the regions, and we shall be able to treat more stories in the comparatively leisurely manner that has proved so acceptable in the past." Mr. Robert Silvey, Head of B.B.C. Audience Research, told viewers from the television screen itself early in May that the newsreel was their favourite programme, according to a B.B.C. survey of viewers' tastes. The newsreel, unlike its counterparts in the cinemas, gives generous space to stories which are not merely hard topical news but are part of the background life of this country. The result is that a technique of news presentation has been developed which takes full account of the fact that both story and commentary are addressed to people sitting quietly at home. In the same way, the edited telefilm record of *Trooping the Colour* was beautifully handled with an absolute minimum of explanation, and every point made verbally was calculated to increase one's interest in what was happening or was about to happen on the screen. I returned to London in time to see the last part of *Back to Methuselah* (produced by Harold Clayton, with William Devlin and Ellen Pollock) and *Black Limelight* (produced by Dennis Vance, with Margaret Rawlings). *Black Limelight* dates in part (nearly all thrillers date as rapidly as farces), especially in the pale-blue lines written in light relief for the faithful housekeeper. The strength of this play lies in the writing and characterisation of the tortured wife, who was brilliantly played by Margaret Rawlings. Miss Rawlings acts with understanding and passion, every nerve dedicated to the moment, her magnificent voice embracing the full quality of the lines given her. She works *with* but not *at* the camera—an important distinction less experienced artists could watch with advantage.

As Far as Thought Can Reach presents any producer with difficulties. Shaw, concentrating on the mental imagery represented by the æsthetic playfulness of his futuristic youths and girls and the philosophic grandeur of his Ancients, forces on the stage director the need to make an acceptable physical realisation of a purely imaginative feat. The lath and plaster of the future nearly always proves a crumbling house of cards. But here the little screen helped—you could never become as disillusioned with the occasional background glimpses of this projected world as you could with a full set on an open stage. The many parts were excellently spoken, and that is what really matters for this play. William Devlin and Ellen Pollock as the Ancients, David Markham as Pygmalion and Frances Rowe as Lilith all pitched their long speeches into an imaginative key which saved them from the dramatic boredom their dehumanised concepts can so easily create if the words are poorly spoken. The production gave us, I think, what Shaw intended us to have, an unspoiled listening to what he had to say.

ROGER MANVELL

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THE MOVIES

"The Last Stage," at the Hendon New Classic
"The Quiet Man," at the Plaza

To Hendon you must go if you wish to see one of the most moving films that have come out of the war. This is the authentic account of Auschwitz, written and directed by two Poles, one of them a woman who lived, and (unlike four and a half million others) did not die, in that camp. The film was made, after the war, at Auschwitz itself. A compelling realism is one of the qualities that distinguish it from all the other fictions about concentration camps that have come our way. Lowering skies and a waterlogged parade ground, electric fences to which perhaps clings some wretch who had given up the struggle, overseer women with whips and men with guns and revolvers, death vans going off, chimneys billowing in the distance, a prisoners' orchestra that has to strike up a tune when death threatens, new arrivals, the sick bay deprived of medicines, the underground circulation of news: these one will never forget. The routine is as matter of fact as it is horrible; matter of fact also, though touched with nobility, is the capacity for suffering. I have often wondered, reading the personal narratives of those who have survived such experiences, how average men and women can endure so terribly. The writers seem, in print, to take it for granted; and that is what we learn, as only the eye can instruct, from *The Last Stage*. They—these millions of women—take it for granted that they will be robbed, shorn, half-starved, beaten, and finally gassed. They are dismayed when the list of those picked to die is announced, because only yesterday there had been a list. Within that existence they live and hope and even at moments smile. The film, having a horrific theme, never seems to make its impact by horror. Only perhaps twice does it wring tears from us: once when we see the weary march of these victims, divided into hundreds and stretching along a straight road to the horizon; and once—with a terrible pathos—when the children arrive. All we see of them afterwards is the docketed plunder of their toys, clothes, shoes, and an artificial limb or two. The dramatic moment, the individual anguish, is not overplayed: we are asked to witness the plight of thousands, of millions, and to that end the story and the camera play their parts with telling simplicity. We look down on that squelching parade ground where, at dusk, the ranks of women in their prison stripes sway in unison, or kneel with their hands lifted to receive punishment; and the scene, though dreadful, is not unbearable. I could see this film again: in fact, if we are given a second opportunity—*The Last Stage* runs at Hendon until Sunday—I shall certainly take it. To have struck a balance, with such a subject as Auschwitz, between truth and the work of art seems to me a considerable achievement.

John Ford's new film *The Quiet Man* is a generous mixture of good and bad, of warmth and sentimentality, of Technicolor landscape that now catches by its beauty, and now flagrantly picture-postcards it: generous, rather than hackneyed, in its faults. I found *The Quiet Man* on the whole vigorously entertaining. Its homecoming of an Irishman (John Wayne) to Innisfree and his courtship there, under a strange set of rules, of a red-haired sheep-minder (Maureen O'Hara) is quite shamelessly stagey, but lively within the convention. Much of the exaggerated Irishness is indeed both funny and charming; and it would be difficult, I think, not to enjoy the film as a whole and some parts of it—the Homeric fight, for example—outrageously. I wish now I had managed to get to the recent Everyman revival of *The Informer* so as to be able to contrast the two: as I remember that early piece, it erred chiefly by being film-arty. The fault now is at the other extreme of popular sentiment, yet there's Ford, plenty of him, in both.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Il Trovatore", at Covent Garden.

We had grand opera at Covent Garden last Saturday. The sets, the production, some of the singers were the same as before, yet *Il Trovatore* was lifted on to a new level by two things—by the language it was sung in, and by Ebe Stignani. An operatic assumption better than Stignani's Azucena cannot be imagined. Through the anvil chorus she sits with a fine *stillness* and nobility that draws every eye; and when she sings each phrase, each note, each turn of the eyes and gesture of the arms speak of the mastery and assurance of a great artist. There is about her voice the wonderful sense that it has no limitations, that she could sing twice as loudly if she wished, or take on Leonora as easily as she does Azucena. Her voice is thrilling through all its range. Hear her start *Rallentate, o barbari*, the ensemble which ends her scene with di Luna—the ringing G, the small notes exactly placed, the firmness of the descent to middle C on *morte*; then the sudden pianissimo, and the flash at *trema*. But one could go through all the part like this, pointing to examples of perfect execution. (Her entry in the trio of the last act is a particularly memorable one.) One only wished Verdi had written a role twice as long. The Leonora, Lucia Kelston, has a voice dark in colour, full and often

lovely up to about F; and she was generally skilful in managing passages which lay higher. But long expansive phrases seemed to find her short of breath (after each step of *Dolci s'udire e flebili* there was a slight break). As for the tenor, he sang loudly, but with no pleasurable vocal qualities: he wandered through his part in a puzzled, unhappy way, waving his sword like a fly-swatter. Jess Walters's di Luna would not have disgraced a modern Italian stage; when he sings in Italian his whole performance rises to a new plane. This was generally true: for once we heard from the singers the sounds which the composer wrote. It must have been a lesson to those who prescribed translations as our staple fare. The design of the last act (at present the two scenes are played on a single set) is in need of reconsideration. Franco Capuana conducted, without subtlety, but with a spirited vigour. A. P.

Correspondence

NAPALM AND CONSCIENCE

SIR,—In finding amusement in the subject of mass-desolation, Mr. Shaun Heron, of the *British Weekly*, reveals strange taste. Throughout his letter there is no hint of concern or shame at the deeds his fellow Christians are perpetrating; only the smug cant of conveniently placing responsibility on "original sin." Is imagination dead? If we were witnessing our own children being burnt and withered, would it be a time to expound, for the millionth time, the mystic virtues of a nebulous Faith? Evidently Mr. Heron and (what matters) the Church think so—especially if they are other people's children who are slaughtered.

It is the awful fact of life being sapped and impoverished by organised fear and hate that concerns us. It is not merely the Church that has failed: it is the Faith itself—with its basic fallacy of classing the spiritual and the physical as opponents. So the doctrine lends itself to being twisted to justify anything, the shattering of some body being the saving of the soul. For centuries Germany was the land of the Bible. In 1915 its bishops issued a noted joint "pastoral," praising God for their god-fearing Kaiser (*and for the war* "which has filled our churches") and evoking, with nauseating sanctity, success to German arms and curses on the British. Our own prelates, posturing while carnage raged, were doing the equivalent—and would again.

What to do? The answer is clear: *fight exploitation*. We (the U.N. and "free peoples" of the West) outdo Pharaoh: the super-bomb is our latest lash. Surely *example* is paramount. The example we are giving the East is of unspeakable horror. Can we not try another type—one of good-will, fair trade and friendship? Let us at least leave their lands in peace.

Castlegate, OTWAY MCCANNELL
Farnham, Surrey.

SIR,—Mr. Otway McCannell rightly observes that "the most shocking and terrifying fact is our growing callousness to the responsibility of being involved in bringing devastation and agony to millions of our fellows." But let us not forget that this gradual petrifaction of heart and mind, which began after Hiroshima, is predominantly a middle-class bourgeois attitude.

As a Dutch journalist of old standing, I may perhaps be permitted to report an incident significant in my country. Two years ago, the Headmaster of a Dutch Grammar School told me he had been asked by the Editor of one of our largest and most respected newspapers whether there would be value in starting a special page for young people. "No," he answered, "it wouldn't be of any use. My pupils, who are children of the well-to-do classes, have no idealism left. I know only one group of children in Holland with idealism; and, to my sorrow, these are the children of Communists." This Headmaster (who died recently) was a Christian, a man of very moderate opinions, who had acted as counsellor to both Queen Juliana and her mother in guiding the education of the royal children.

The truth is that in Holland, as nearly everywhere in Western Europe, the bourgeoisie is suffering from moral degeneration, and the governments which represent it are supinely following American behests. Sometimes I think that the U.S. Government is as stupid as its European clients are servile. As neutrals, the nations of Western Europe might survive and prosper, but not as battle-fields for America. One-fourth of the population of Amsterdam, and still larger groups of the citizens of France and Italy vote Communist. Does the United States want to kindle civil war in Western Europe? If American policy continues on its present line, it is my profound conviction that such wars will be the result. Is that the American idea of a Western European buffer State?

H. P. L. WIESSING
Kerkestraat 461, Amsterdam-C.

CATHOLICS AND POPULATION

SIR,—Flavus has drawn attention to the fact, not widely publicised, that the Roman Catholic countries, by their solid opposition, have recently caused W.H.O. to shelve the question of sponsoring birth control in backward countries. The full implications of this opposition deserve wider publicity.

As a result of the applications of medical and agricultural research, the population of the world is rapidly rising. The rise has naturally been most rapid in the most backward areas where there was the greatest leeway to make up. In Puerto Rico, for instance, the population has doubled in the last 25 years. Clearly (taking Puerto Rico as an example) this population increase cannot be maintained and eventually one of two limitations must operate, an increase in birth control or an increase in the death rate. Either fewer people must be born or more people must die. Since Roman Catholics are opposed to the operation of the former limitation, they must favour an increase in the death rate, i.e., they must favour a form of population control which W.H.O. is doing its best to eliminate. Will some Roman Catholic please explain for what purpose Roman Catholics participate in W.H.O.?

Aberdeen University. HOWARD LEES

THE CORONATION

SIR,—As a visitor to this country from the U.S., may I set forth my views on a subject that is claiming the attention of a section of the British press? The Coronation should be designed as the biggest dollar earner of the century, and in order to achieve this, preference should be given to American witnesses of the ceremony. I do not mean simply that all key observation posts along the route should be offered to those who are able to pay for them in dollars. That is an obvious step which has probably already been taken. What I am suggesting is that members of the peerage should be permitted to sell their places in the Abbey, complete with their Coronation robes, to hard-currency customers.

Naturally there would have to be some grading of prices, varying with the rank and precedence of the place-seller, but this should not be difficult to arrange. In this way Americans would not only be able to take part in the Coronation ceremony itself, but they would also be lifting the burden of hire, or purchase, of Coronation robes from the financially straitened peerage. Naturally the sale of such place-names would be limited to peers belonging to the Conservative party. No American would wish the F.B.I. to examine his impersonation of a Liberal or a Socialist peer; for, in America, Liberals are considered the unwilling dupes of the extremists, the worst form of fellow travellers, while everyone knows that Socialists are synonymous with Communists.

It is obvious that there might be criticism of this scheme from those who still consider the Coronation to be a significant and solemn act of dedication by the Sovereign to the service of God and the British people. To meet the objections of this group, I would suggest that the actual Coronation be carried out at an unpublicised date in a simple religious ceremony attended only by those most closely connected by tradition with the ceremony. Furthermore, it is quite obvious that the Queen could not be expected to take part in the dollar-earning ceremony. I suggest that someone under contract to interested film companies could assume the role of the Sovereign for the occasion.

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WISE WORDS

On April 22nd, speaking at a dinner at the Savoy Hotel, London, Lord Hollenden, the President of the Wholesale Textile Association, said:

"Clothing prices are as low today as they are likely to be for a long time to come. Indeed it is true to say that textiles and clothing are being sold today at prices below their true value and at prices at which they cannot be replaced."

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initiative the British people allowed this delightfully painless way of earning dollars to escape them.

RODERIC HENDERSON

Chester, Vermont, U.S.A.

FRANCO AND UNESCO

SIR,—Twelve countries have voted in favour of Spain's inclusion in Unesco, amongst them the United States, France and England; five countries, including Mexico, Russia and Uruguay, voted against. This news is very serious, not so much because the value of Spain in this cultural organisation is very little, but rather because of the state of mind that this voting reveals in Europe to-day.

For several years the Franco regime has been condemned for a great many reasons and in particular because it has shown itself incapable of making even the slightest effort to introduce some measure of democracy into Spain. Some months ago, five trade unionists were shot for trade union activities which would be freely permitted in any other country of Western Europe. Another trial has begun to judge those who took part in the strikes last year, and new sentences of death are demanded. The cultural level, even on the basis of Francoist statistics, is lower than it was twenty years ago, and a military training which continues until they are ready to carry out their obligatory military service is compulsory for Spanish schoolchildren. If to this is added the fact that 400,000 Spaniards living in "conditional liberty" are deprived of the most elementary rights of a free citizen, for example, the right to make their own choice of residence or job and are forbidden employment in the public services, I find it difficult to see what advantage the inclusion of Spain can give to Unesco. How can he who stands in need of counsel himself give counsel to others?

There are about 350,000 Spanish refugees spread throughout the world, with large numbers in France and Mexico. Spain has a population of 28,000,000, and it will be seen that given the size of its population, this country has a completely disproportionate number of refugees. A country which is unable to give culture or liberty to its own citizens has no right to enter an organisation which has as its aim the spreading of culture and democratic ideas in the world.

J. T. GOLAS

114 Cambridge Street,
London, S.W.1.

FRANCO'S VICTIMS

SIR,—Recent reports of mass trials in Spain have served to remind British public opinion once again of the repressive nature of the Franco regime and its political persecution. Thanks to the vigorous protests of British and international public opinion, several of these trials have for the present been postponed, but a new wave of persecution may begin at any moment if our vigilance is relaxed.

Meanwhile, Spanish prisons are filled with more than 100,000 political opponents who are slowly dying of T.B. and other diseases due to lack of food and the appalling conditions of prison life. Letters from prisoners show that there is an urgent need in particular for vitamin preparations, foodstuffs and warm clothing.

A Committee has been formed to organise aid to Franco's victims on a non-political and non-party basis, provide legal assistance wherever possible and collect and make known information of political persecution and oppression.

We appeal to all in sympathy with our aims to send a contribution to the hon. treasurer, Miss E. Rosenberg, 40a Oakwood Court, London, W.14. All who would like to be kept informed on conditions in Franco Spain are invited to get in touch with the hon. secretary, Mrs. S. V. Clements, 195 Bickenhall Mansions, London, W.1.

FRIDA LASKI,
Chairman

YUGOSLAV CONSTITUTION

SIR,—Your interpretation of the preliminary draft on changes in the Yugoslav Constitution classified this reorganisation of the highest bodies of administration in Yugoslavia as "a sketch for a Corporate State—without private employers." This is also the attitude of the Cominform.

The facts are as follows. In 1950, Workers' Councils were formed in Yugoslavia bringing to reality the old-Socialist slogan "the factories to the workers." At the end of last and the beginning of this year, Workers' Councils were given a material basis also—the right to distribute the surplus product of labour. In this way, the self-administration of enterprises by the working class was achieved, and, in reality, was the beginning of new economic-social relations—a Socialist democracy.

Under the draft constitutional law the factory Workers' Councils will now be represented on a federal level by the Council of Producers, which will be the second chamber of the National Assembly. The idea is that the Yugoslav National Assembly would be more an Assembly of delegates of the basic, self-governing bodies—People's Committees and Workers' Councils—for the solving of common problems. The National Assembly—and not the Cabinet which is being abolished will be responsible for the general development of state and social activity, while the former Ministries and councils, in some new form, will be its executive administrative bodies. Whether the Assembly will be elected by direct or indirect vote is still an open question, as it is not specified in the preliminary draft and a lively discussion on this point is now being carried on throughout Yugoslavia.

It is, therefore, something which is the precise opposite of a "Corporate State," viz., the transfer of political activity from the executive apparatus to the masses; greater activisation of the working people of town and country not only in taking an active but also a decisive part in bodies of state administration; avoiding the concentration of the main weight of political power in the State apparatus and the workers' party, which would otherwise be the starting point for the formation of a bureaucratic caste and a degeneration of the Socialist revolution. The experience of the U.S.S.R. in this respect is quite clear and sufficient.

DUSAN POPOVIC
London correspondent of Borba
26 Gloucester Place, W.1.

HIGHLAND DECAY

SIR,—May I add one point to Campbell Finlay's article on Mull? We have watched the population of Scotland declining in place after place. There appears to be a critical phase, where the "beehive" of the age-group graph becomes a "tree." The ageing population far outnumber the young, who must be dominated by them—or leave. There is a continuous creaming off of the lively and intelligent. This process is accelerated by war and war preparation. One knowledgeable look at devastated Highland populations and forests is enough to make anyone a complete pacifist.

Mull is near the critical phase. If nothing is done for Mull within the next five years, Mull will be done—an empty beauty spot as heart-breaking as those parts of Wester Ross which were once flourishing, but were left too long unhelped, and finally went beyond the critical population phase.

Something can be done with forestry, especially if the Forestry Commission will have the courage to plant some of the more difficult areas. The whisky idea is a good one. At present Highland barley is not evenly enough ripened for the modern type of distilling, though it was good enough for many centuries of pot-still whisky! But anyone making it must mature it for a few years—he cannot make a quick profit. If he is to do it, even on a small scale, without loss, and sell it locally, he must have an Excise rebate.

Any tax which the Excise gets off this whisky is clear gain: it would just never be made on a small scale, without large capital, except with a rebate. If the Excise takes as much tax as will allow the stuff to be sold at 12*s.* 6*d.* a bottle, then the scheme might work.

This is one of the few sensible and imaginative ideas that have come out of the local misery of the Highlands. Is the Government in London, for most of whom the Highlands are either a nuisance or a holiday dream—or both—going to put it into practice?

NAOMI MITCHISON.

LABOUR CANDIDATES

SIR,—Whereas Fienburgh is right in showing concern about the social gulf that has appeared occasionally between Labour representatives and the voters, it would be wrong to draw the conclusion that we must select more from one group than another to counteract this. What must be certain is that candidates are selected on their abilities as people, Socialists and workers within the Movement, not as miners, railway clerks, lawyers or university dons. Perhaps the present selection system needs augmenting to give an opportunity for a more detailed examination of those under consideration, as at present there is too great an advantage to the gifted speaker. To condemn University graduates at this time when grants have enabled more poor but clever people to increase their knowledge is foolish, especially as most of the post-war students remain a part of the environment they came from.

85 Handside Lane, TONY WARRINGTON
Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

POETRY AND POVERTY

SIR,—I should be pleased if you would help us to make it known through your columns that *Poetry and Poverty* is to be revived as a quarterly magazine.

The Summer number is now in preparation and will be edited by Dannie Abse. It will contain work by Herbert Read, Lawrence Durrell, Kathleen Raine, Lynette Roberts, Roy MacFadden, C. Busby Smith, Clifford Dyment, Jacques Prévert, Paul Dehn, Michael Hamburger, Peter Viereck, Emanuel Litvinoff, etc.

Intending contributors should send their work to the Editor, 28a Belsize Square, N.W.3.

HARRY GREEN

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MINISTRY OF EDUCATION AND CITY AND GUILDS OF LONDON INSTITUTE'S EXAMINATIONS

Further particulars from the Principal (571)

Books in General

FRANÇOIS VILLON is the only great poet, in the last five hundred years of European literature, to drop silently out of the record, leaving not a trace behind. In January, 1463, when he had not yet achieved his thirty-second birthday, soon after the completion of the *Testament**, his longest and most characteristic work, the Parisian courts, having quashed a sentence of death previously passed on him for his share in an obscure street-brawl, "in consideration of the evil life of the aforesaid Villon" banished him for a whole decade from the "city, provostry and viscounty of Paris." Where he next sought refuge and how he concluded, history does not tell us—whether he expired in a ditch or sickened slowly at a roadside inn: whether he was stabbed to death in a drunken scuffle, like the scuffle with which he began his criminal career by killing the priest Philippe Sermoise during the summer of 1455, or finally mounted the gallows as he had so nearly done at Meung-sur-Loire in 1461. But he vanishes suddenly and completely His earlier existence, however, thanks both to his own autobiographical writings and to the notice that the authorities were obliged to take of his various criminal exploits, has by now been fairly well explored. We know, for instance, that he was the son of poor people and lost his father at an early age: that his mother, a pious and illiterate woman—"*Femme je suis povrette et ancienne*"—put him under the protection of an amiable elderly cleric, Maître Guillaume de Villon, attached to the Church of Saint Benoît-le-Bétourné, who adopted him and gave him his name, and brought up the engaging and promising boy at his house within the church's cloisters.

Villon's mother and his adopted father receive significant mention in the poet's *Testament*. To his mother—his poor mother—

Qui pour moy ot douleur amere
Dieu le scet, et mainte tristesse

and whom he represents crouched at her devotions beneath the painted church-walls, under glorious and terrifying glimpses of the mythology of Hell and Heaven—

L'ung me fait paour, l'autre joyce et liesse

—he left, as the only gift he *could* leave, his beautiful and moving *Ballade Pour Prier Nostre Dame*; while Guillaume he remembers as an unselfish and always kindly guardian, more than father or mother to him, whose indulgence he has ill repaid. Evidently he was subject to acute remorse; and no doubt the remorse from which he suffered was of the sort that, once kindled, must be constantly supplied with fresh fuel; that hopes of amendment were perpetually frustrated by a corroding sense of guilt and anxiety.

Yet he had started life cheerfully enough—a gifted young man, probably apprenticed to the law, with a comfortable lodging at home in the cloister and many friends (two of them, alas, destined to be hanged) in the bohemian student-world which he frequented during his leisure hours. Then something went irremediably wrong; a deep-seated flaw appeared—due to lack of money, perhaps, or intellectual restlessness, to vanity, bad company or the torments of romantic love. In, or near, the Cloister of Saint Benoît lived a certain Catherine de Vausselles, a young woman of respectable parentage, who first of all encouraged, and afterwards rejected him. She is mentioned again and again as one of the chief sources of Villon's adult misery. He attempted to revenge himself with an obscene lampoon, and was rewarded with a judicial thrashing underneath his mistress's window.

Meanwhile he had started his rapid descent. Why he killed Sermoise we are not informed; but, although the priest forgave him on his death-bed and letters of pardon were issued to him only a few months later, during his enforced absence from Paris he had fallen in with the *Coquillards*, the vast criminal organisation of fifteenth-century France, in whose Jargon, or secret language, he composed no fewer than seven poems. Thereafter his downward course grew more and more vertiginous—in and out of prison, his movements narrowly watched by the law, abandoning hope in the dungeons of Meung, and writing, as he lay there, his magnificent *Epitaphe*, released during a visit of Louis XI, back in Paris and at home in Saint Benoît, but very soon dragged off again to confinement in the Châtelet. Followed sentence of ten years' banishment and complete extinction. The end had come as regards his physical career; but during his last visit to Paris—or, according to some scholars, probably a little earlier—Villon wrote his *Testament*, the summing-up of his worldy experience and public expression of his private griefs and grudges, cast in a form part lyrical and part satirical, with many explosions of rancour and some excursions into pure poetry:

En l'an de mon trentiesme aage,
Que toutes mes hontes j'eus beues,
Ne du tout fol, ne du tout sage,
Non obstant maintes peines eues. . . .

From that point, Villon's enumeration of friends and enemies rushes exuberantly, often fiercely on. Some passages are still obscure; a number of his private jokes—the least interesting feature of the *Testament*—have only been unravelled after years of patient study; but he himself continually emerges as he surveys his wasted years, as he kicks up the sunken fires of regret or blows on the embers of burnt-out hope and smouldering passion. Then we come to the incomparable lyrics—the famous *Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis*, *Les Regrets de la Belle Heaulmière*, the *Ballade de Bonne Doctrine* and the horrible and fascinating *Ballade de la Grosse Margot*. This poetic autobiography—the last gesture of "*ung povre petit Escollier, qui fut nommé Francoys Villon*"—is a document for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in any other literary period. We may think of Verlaine—sometimes of Baudelaire—even of the author of *Don Juan* at his boldest and least inhibited. But, although Villon is often surprisingly "modern," we cannot forget that he was the inhabitant of an entirely different universe. When he writes of the bitter winter days—

Sur le Noel, mortz saison,
Que les loups se vivent de vent
Et qu'on se tient en sa maison. . . .

he may be recollecting how, during a single night in the autumn of 1438, fourteen adults had been pulled down and devoured by wolves between the village of Montmartre and the Porte St. Antoine. The laden gallow-tree is a hideous, omnipresent spectre that has overshadowed his own existence. Morally, too, Villon is remote from us. Despite his personal revolt, he was in no sense a romantic rebel. He hates his persecutors, but he accepts authority; he voices the unhappiness of his life, but he does not rage at life itself. Still less does he fret against the decrees of inscrutable celestial powers. So far as we can judge, he remained a devout Catholic; and, though his verses are scattered with classical allusions—occasionally garbled and mis-applied—these seem to have been lecture-room tags; the influence of the Renaissance had not yet begun to reach him.

Instead, we discover a deep genuine humility and a poignant longing for sympathy:

Freres humains qui après nous vivez
N'ayez les cuers contre nous endurcis,
Car, se pitié de nous povres avez,
Dieu en aura plus tost de vous mercis. . . .

We observe self-pity of a touchingly human kind, but none of those efforts at grandiloquent self-justification, so familiar to us in the Romantic poets. Now and then, he indignantly defends his honour; but, just as unselfconsciously, he adopts an attitude of ferocious self-appraisal and confesses to the stark dishonourable truth—for instance, in blistering last lines of the *Ballade de la Grosse Margot*, where he describes the straits to which he has at length been reduced as a prostitute's hireling-lover:

Vente, gresle, gelle, j'ay mon pain cuit.
Ie suis paillart, la paillarde me suit.
Lequel vault mieulx? Chascun bien s'entresuit.
L'ung vault l'autre; c'est a mau rat mau chat.
Ordure amons, ordure nous assuit;
Nous deffuyons onneur, il nous deffuit,
En ce bordeau ou tenons nostre estat.

The translation of such a poet—so close to us in some respects, so remote in others—presents peculiar difficulties. Mr. H. B. McCaskie's rendering of *The Poems of François Villon* (published in 1946 by the Cresset Press) was an exceedingly courageous attempt; and it has been succeeded by that of Mr. Norman Cameron who, with great ingenuity, using a seventeenth-century idiom which he considers most proper for the purpose, has translated the bulk of Villon's work into the original verse-forms. Being a poet himself, he is especially sensitive to Villon's chief poetic virtues—his energy, his delight in language, his vigorous use of simple vivid images which take much of their colour and liveliness from colloquial turns of speech. There are details, of course, with which one might quarrel. Now and then, in his search for a rhyme, Mr. Cameron seems slightly to have distorted the poet's real meaning; and I cannot understand why the "*petit feu de chenevotes*," over which the *Belle Heaulmière* huddles in her old age, should in his version have become a fire of

* *François Villon: Poems, including the Testament.* Translated, in the original verse forms, by NORMAN CAMERON. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

"forest cones." The ancient courtesan, as she regrets the beauty of her youth—

Qu'est devenu ce front poly,
Cheveulx blons, ces sourcils voultiz,
Grant entroeil, ce regart joly,
Dont prenoie les plus soubtilz ;
Ce beau nez droit grant ne petiz,
Ces petites joinctes oreilles,
Menton torchu, cler vis traictiz,
Et ces belles levres vermeilles ?

—holds out her hands over a miserable bonfire made of peeled hemp-stalks; while dry fir-cones would have provided her with a pleasant crackling blaze. Elsewhere one is frequently astonished by the skill with which Mr. Cameron has satisfied both the demands of meaning and the claims of metre. But it is a thousand pities that Mr. Cameron's volume—unlike Mr. McCaskie's—should not afford us the opportunity of studying the French text upon the opposite page. PETER QUENNELL

THE OTHER ŒDIPUS

Remembered long on the Peloponnesian roads,
He and his serving-boy and his concubine,
White-headed and light-hearted, their true wits gone
Past the last stroke of time into a day
Without a yesterday or a to-morrow,
A brightness laid like a blue lake around them,
Or endless field to play or linger in.
They were so gay and innocent, you'd have thought
A god had won a glorious prize for them
In some celestial field, and the odds were gone,
Fate sent on holiday, the earth and heaven
Thenceforth in endless friendly talk together.
They were quite storyless and had clean forgotten
That memory burning in another world;
But they too leaflight now for any story.
If anyone spoke a word of other guilt
By chance before them, then they stamped their feet
In rage and gnashed their teeth like peevish children.
But then forgot. The road their welcoming home.
They would not stay in a house or let a door
Be locked on them. The surly Spartan farmers
Were kind to them, pitying their happiness.

EDWIN MUIR

THE LANGUAGE OF MYSTICISM

It cries in the night.

And undermines all clarities of heart
And concepts sharpened with a knife of light.

To organise that cry:
Some have erected a Byzantine hierarchy
And bind it tight into the glittering levels
Until its closeness fades
With neither certainty nor mystery
Into the black vanishing-point
Of the golden colonnades.

Others rotate a gentle argument
Gradually to burn the intellect
Into the fire-rose at whose heart
A coldness beyond coldness
Will not accept the flame;
The blind light of desire
Breaks death into an art.

Disciplines of simplicity keep
The double vision still unblurred.
—Let the dream impose on sleep
The held perspective of the eye,
But return out of its weakness
With all the riches of that cry
To limited definition
And the untranscendent word.

ROBERT CONQUEST

BIRTH OF A NATION

The Sudan Question. By MEKKI ABBAS. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Anything written about Egypt or the Sudan must start with, or come back to, the Nile.

> Through the desert flows the river—a thread of blue silk drawn across an enormous brown drugget; and even the blue thread is brown for half the year . . . The deserts are hot, but the Nile is cool.
>
> The banks . . . display an abundance of barrenness. Yet . . . just before the sun sets . . . a delicious flush brightens and enlivens the landscape. It is as though some Titanic artist in the hour of inspiration was retouching the picture, painting in dark purple shadows among the rocks . . . The sky from a dull blue deepens into violet . . . And then the sun sinks altogether . . . and gradually everything darkens and grows grey, like a man's cheek when he is bleeding to death.

There is surely a familiar ring in this prose. It is by a stylist with a painter's eye and a rhetorical turn of phrase who has lately, perhaps for the first time, seen men die in battle. The extract is, in fact, from *The River War*, by the young Winston Churchill, published in 1899.

At the end of his account of Kitchener's reconquest of the Sudan, Mr. Churchill stated with candour the purposes of the operation as he saw them:

> The grasp of England upon Egypt has been strengthened twofold by the events of the war . . . The command of the vital river is an irresistible weapon . . . Britain has gained a vast territory which, although it would be easy to exaggerate its value, is nevertheless coveted by every Great Power in Europe.

—and he went on to ridicule the popular idea that the war had been waged to avenge Gordon, who "was killed in fair war."

An equally clear glimpse of the mind of the classic imperialist who is now Prime Minister of Britain is afforded by his slighting reference to the fund then newly raised to found the Gordon Memorial College in Khartoum:

> . . . it is difficult to regard the scheme with unmixed satisfaction. Education has not been altogether a blessing in India. Neither is it our custom to teach subject races the English language . . . Those who, in the enthusiasm of the hour, gave their money must not expose themselves to a disappointment by expecting that the Khartoum College is going to exert a powerful influence on the future of the Sudan . . . *It will be an insignificant factor.*

Mr. Churchill was utterly wrong. The College has been a highly significant factor. It has saved the Sudan from that extreme shortage of educated persons which makes the change to self-government so hazardous in some countries. It has produced an intelligentsia who may truly so be called without any of the depreciation sometimes attaching to the word: an intelligentsia small indeed, but large enough and experienced enough in administration to be able to look forward with equanimity and impatience to the transfer of power now about to occur. It has produced, among others, Mr. Mekki Abbas—born in a small village east of the Blue Nile, a teacher of teachers, editor of a weekly review, a director of the Sudan Gezira Board (specially responsible for social development among the 25,000 tenants of the great cotton-growing irrigation scheme), and now author of a book which, with its thorough bibliography, appendices, footnotes, maps, and index, feels satisfactorily like a work of scholarship.

The theme of the book is indicated by its subtitle: *The Dispute Over the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium*, 1884-1951. Its importance is that it presents coherently for the first time a view of this three-cornered relationship which is neither pro-British nor pro-Egyptian but distinctively Sudanese.

Until quite recently, there could not have been such a view. The Sudan was not a nation. It has been called an accidental administrative area. Within that area are widely diverse peoples and modes of life. Yet any proposal now for a "logical" partition of the Sudan—its northern, "Arab" part to go to Egypt, its southern, "Central African" part to be joined with Uganda (if Uganda were willing)—would be completely unrealistic and indeed unthinkable. The Legislative Assembly in Khartoum first met only in 1950. Its very existence, even though it is boycotted by the pro-Egyptian political elements, must already have strengthened the sense of Sudanese nationhood: the primitive Nilotic tribes of the south are represented in it and their members have, says Mr. Abbas, "proved that they were a match for the northerners."

It is clear, indeed, that the so-called "southern policy"—in effect, if not in intention, a version of *divide et impera*—which earned for the British administration the resentment of educated northern Sudanese, has been officially reversed. Traces of it are still to be found in the outlook and conversation of some British officials and missionaries in the south; but I cannot believe that there is the slightest risk that any British Government would now contemplate partition, as Mr. Abbas seems half to suspect in an appendix which is the only controversial (and not the least interesting) part of a singularly objective book.

The only anxiety felt by some British friends of the Sudan is whether, after independence is secured, the politically dominant north will be sufficiently unselfish to maintain in the south the high administrative standards set by the British District Commissioners and to spend, without any prospect of quick dividends, the large sums of money needed for economic development in the south. (Why have not the British spent more? From this point of view, it might have been better for the south, certainly since 1945, if the Sudan had been under the Colonial Office.) The answer to this anxiety may be threefold: (1) the Umma Party's policy of continuing the existing programme of "Sudanisation"—*i.e.*, retaining the services of present British officials until they are due to retire; (2) international aid to a notably "backward area"; (3) the north is interested in the south, says Mr. Abbas, for much the same reason that Egypt is interested in the Sudan—it doesn't want other people controlling its Nile water.

Mr. Abbas deals amply both with the historical background and with the complex constitutional aspects of the Anglo-Egyptian dispute. He is fair to both parties, and is always readable; which is more than can be said of some constitutional history. He traces the story from the original conquest of the Sudan in 1820 by Mohammed Ali Pasha, "that great ambitious Anatolian, described by some historians as the son of an Albanian Tobacconist . . . who later established himself ruler of Egypt under the Ottoman Sultan," down to the Morrison proposals of October, 1951, which he regards as essentially fair (if the International Commission proposed therein were a United Nations Commission).

The publishers of *The Sudan Question* are fortunate: it could not have been more topical. It is also, Miss Margery Perham claims in her preface, "the first book to be published in English by a Sudanese author." It makes an encouraging precedent. TOM DRIBERG

CLIO HERSELF

Avenues of History. By L. B. NAMIER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Greatness in a historian consists in the ability to combine detailed scholarship, the patient sorting of evidence about specific facts, with the sudden illuminating generalisation that gives the reader insight into a whole epoch. By this criterion (and probably by any other) Professor Namier is a great historian. He is therefore justified in reprinting his essays, occasional pieces and reviews, for most of them contain interesting and surprising reflections, and some are, in fact, pieces of exact scholarship. It is fascinating, for instance, to see the way in which Professor Namier proves the worthlessness as a historical source of the memoirs of Kühlmann, the German diplomatist who was Foreign Minister for a short time in 1917-18. This was a book which had

been described by one respectable critic as "of great historical importance"; and Professor Namier proceeds quietly and methodically to demolish this claim. Dates are checked; the original documents are looked up; other sources are consulted; and soberly, clearly and carefully, Namier builds up his case. The professional historian will be grateful to him for the trouble he has been saved; the general reader will enjoy the forensic skill with which the case against Kühlmann is presented.

The essays touch on most of the subjects and periods in which Professor Namier has made his reputation: 18th-century English politics; the revolutions of 1848; Parliament and general elections, among other topics. (Professor Namier is one of the Editors of the newly planned *History of Parliament*, and his interest ranges from the Elizabethan Parliament to last year's elections.)

Then there are two essays in which he states his philosophy of history; one is reprinted from a recent number of *History Today;* the other is a short essay on Toynbee—a tribute to the work of another writer whose methods and achievement are very different from his own. Professor Namier's general views on history are much what one would expect from his work: history is concerned with "concrete events fixed in time and space, and their grounding in the thoughts and feelings of men—not things universal and generalised." Yet it cannot ignore general ideas and philosophical concepts: "Caught in the perennial tangle of moods, ideas and reality, man plays with them and they play with him." Thus Professor Namier is ready to use anything that comes to hand to help him acquire an understanding of the way in which things happened, or rather, for this is "the crowning attainment of historical study," an "intuitive understanding of how things do not happen." And in pursuit of this understanding, Professor Namier would probably be ready to make discreet use of all the auxiliary sciences which older historians have recognised and to add new ones, such as psychoanalysis, to them. This whole essay, with its combination of empiricism and imagination, its admirable prose style and its occasional good epigrams ("A dilettante is one who takes himself more seriously than his work"), is typical of the author at his best.

Essays of this kind inevitably vary in importance and quality, and not all are as substantial as the one on "History," the review of Kühlmann, or the essay on "Nationality and Liberty," written for the centenary of the revolution of 1848. Certain consistent attitudes, however, give a sort of unity to the volume: the author is a Conservative, because he believes that freedom is best secured in "the self-contained community with a historical nationality," and he implies that where such exist they should be preserved. But he adds characteristically that "it serves no purpose to expostulate with history: *on ne fait pas le procès aux revolutions* nor to any other historical phenomena." The only *procès* one can make is against wrong history: "the foremost task of honest history is to discredit and drive out its futile or dishonest varieties." In his earlier work he has reformed radically our previous ideas about 18th-century politics in England and debunked the old Whig legends by patient research. He has begun to expose the Liberal legends about 1848 in Germany. But if there were a Tory historiography in this country, he would be just as ruthless in exposing that.

A collection of articles reveals an author's pet themes as well as his general beliefs. Professor Namier believes in collective research, for instance (and he is one of the best organisers of it in England); he dislikes the standard English historical form—the biography. He sympathises with Zionism: he dislikes Germans. But as he himself says, "history is . . . necessarily subjective and individual, conditioned by the interest and vision of the historian. His interest if intense and sincere is contagious . . ." There is no doubt about the interest of this collection.

JAMES JOLL

ST. CUTHBERT TO HENSLEY HENSON

Durham. By SIR TIMOTHY EDEN. 2 vols. *Hale.* 18s. *each.*

A young art historian from Germany, now known to all of us, was received in a remarkable house in the close at Durham. His host at dinner was the librarian, a long, thin, fastidious man. Everything in the house was good, the learning, the furniture, the illuminated manuscripts, the silver, the wine; and he came away awed somewhat by England, even of the Thirties, where even librarians of a cathedral lived in such cultivated splendour. However, the librarian was John Meade Falkner, who was almost a millionaire, in one of his beings a medievalist, in the other an industrialist of the North, a maker of armaments. The story would have fitted well in Sir Timothy Eden's book, written in a sharp consciousness of the contrasts and fate of his county, the past and the now, the green and the blasted, the broken paws of a lion in a park and a belch of chimneys, as Sir Timothy writes, alongside.

How can you compile a county book about Durham without being more in the past than the present? So this is not the ordinary county book derived from the pictorial sentiments of Birket Foster and from a dip or two into the county histories; nor is it written by an ordinary man. It is Durham in childhood, youth, manhood and the beastliness of old age, the shadow of which is thrown backward all the while; Durham from the fell to the pit, and from St. Cuthbert (though the two linkages are scarcely parallel) to Hensley Henson.

Sir Timothy Eden is like his father, Sir William Eden (whose character and opinions he described with such balance in *The Tribulations of a Baronet*), in disliking our kind of world and its motives. Kindlier and less egotistical, he does not sweep ugly flowers in their pots to the greenhouse floor, or curse in the street at ugly buildings, but his attitudes are firm. He quotes from a letter to *The Times* on the investment of millions in Durham and the problems of development, then adds a few verses to the *Benedicite*,—"O all ye £24,000,000 bless ye the Lord; O ye objectives of industry bless ye the Lord; O ye social and human objectives of municipal planning, praise Him and magnify Him for ever". His general text is from Bacon, that in the declining age of a state, it is not learning which flourishes, but mechanical arts and merchandise.

How strange a native county for such a man, how personal, lively, human, warm and prejudiced a two volumes he has made out of it! How pleasant a release, too, from topographical chatter! If he wishes to delineate, he can, though he prefers the human to the scene. High Force, for example, which is "strong and fit for eils", and not a flimsy object for water-colours:

> The water chrome yellow mixed with cream as it falls, and lying in a great pool of Mars red at the bottom: the rocks a greyish red at the top and a dark purple half-way down. The loud yet strangely soothing roar hypnotises one into a state of agreeable imbecility, while the solid rocks fly suprisingly upwards as one transfers one's gaze to the earth after the deep attraction of falling water.

If he wishes to criticise, he can do so with force and conviction, as in the new verses for the *Benedicite* or when he tells the Dean and Chapter of Durham that their repainting and regilding is like "the painting of a corpse to make it look like a young girl." If he wishes to imply the Durhams of now and then, he can achieve it with direct indirectness, writing of the long centuries of the Conyers family (whose ancestor slew one of the Durham worms) during which their wives and daughters "dabbled their white feet in the Tees". He is a dab at picturing a time in its *a* plus *b* of culture and poverty, justice and injustice, prettiness and coarseness, placing, for instance, the girls who on their engagement sat in the wishing chairs at Finchale and at Jarrow to pray for bonny children, with the parson who declared from his pulpit "I have but one whore in my congregation, and"—picking up his Bible—"I'll fell her";

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whereupon everybody ducked and he added "I think I have nothing else but whores."

He can be admirably and pictorially curt—on West Hartlepool and the moment when "a huge modern fungus" sprouted from its medieval sides.

> Such is the strange and varied history of this deer forest by the sea, this lovely land which not so long ago was "diapered in summer with the burnet-rose and the purple blossoms of sea-thrift and crane's-bill".

It reached its fruition in exports and imports of over two and a half million pounds a year and the noise of riveting round the old church of St. Hilda. If he does not like Imperial Chemical Industries, "pioneers of progress, whose enormous factory at Billingham has, in the uplifting words of the Board of Trade, 'turned a barren area of a thousand acres into a mighty centre of the chemical industry'", he does not equivocate. If he dislikes democracy, he does not apologise for himself, and isn't one of those whose shadows even are always lifting their hats.

So his book, even with occasional silly or sentimental patches, comes always out of himself, is at times eloquent and is nearly always disarming, a museum of the dead (though he dislikes museums) infused with life, from St. Cuthbert again to that intellectually and whiggishly well-sharpened Hensley Henson, whose *Retrospect of an Unimportant Life* Sir Timothy includes among "the greatest and most human memoirs in our language". The unprofessional writer who can write has great advantages over the professional. He is more in his writing, has more leisure to be in love and hate with his subject; so this happens to be one of the now uncommon books of people and place which are not mere fulfilments of a publisher's contract. One Eden treasured drawings by Degas while the rest of his kind scrambled after the newest falsity by Leighton. Another Eden inherits the love and the dismay. This is not a local book. It is reading for those who have never seen Durham and may never intend to see it.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

THE APE-CHILD

The Ape in Our House. By CATHY HAYES. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Of the various attempts to raise young apes as children, that of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes must be the most thorough and self-abnegating. An infant chimpanzee makes even greater demands on a household than an infant *Homo sapiens*: it gnaws at the wood furniture, uses curtains for trapeze work and is "hyperactive" compared with the most energetic modern child. The Hayes's stated motive was scientific curiosity: "To get down to the basic problem: how intelligent are apes, in comparison with man?" It may be doubted whether, if one wished to design a truly fruitful inquiry, this would be the right question to ask; or whether the detailed but unselective study of a single female chimpanzee brought up as a child represents a profitable sort of experiment. But few will wish to judge this book only on such grimly professional lines. It is a report on the first three years, put in the form of an agreeable, mainly non-technical narrative, often entertaining, notably in its sidelights on human behaviour, but with some intriguing experimental results and a little general comment and interpretation. There are seventeen excellent photographs and a short bibliography, but no index.

At eighteen months Viki, the Hayes's chimpanzee, was remarkably similar in attainments to a child of the same age. She solved simple test problems, fed herself with a spoon, often responded correctly to the command "No!" and played with toys in ways typical of an eighteen-month child. She already, however, displayed an excessive physical strength and activity, and a corresponding lack of that most human social characteristic—restraint. The complexity of her behaviour was striking: she teased her foster-parents, took advantage of Mrs. Hayes but was more responsive to the orders of Mr. Hayes. She behaved in a very affectionate way, and kissed not only her foster-parents but also sometimes children, other animals and dolls. She also played "imaginative games"; there was a strange period when she regularly behaved as if she were pulling a pull-toy, even to getting it caught and having to free it by manipulating the imaginary string; she had, of course, already had much experience of actual pull-toys.

The plasticity of ape behaviour is illustrated by a comparison of Viki's behaviour with that of a caged chimpanzee. Both in problem-solving and in social behaviour among people, Viki was far superior; on the other hand, she ignored adult chimpanzees when she met them, and seemed to fear young ones. Innate or instinctive behaviour, in fact, plays a relatively small part in ape, as in human, development. Among Viki's innate performances were her acrobatics, and a small number of "reflex noises." There was nothing resembling the babbling of a human infant—that important precursor of speech.

The gulf between ape and human began to widen markedly after eighteen months. By two years a human child commonly has about 200 words which he can use correctly. Viki, in three years, was with great difficulty brought to use three: *Mama, papa* and *cup*. She resembled a human with aphasia due to a major deficiency of brain tissue. Her emotional development at that age was much more nearly human than her intellectual equipment.

This unsurprising conclusion is the main fruit, so far, of the scientific side of the inquiry. Naturally, once the story reached the press, there was the inevitable proliferation of ballyhoo.

> The Washington *Star* carried a humorous editorial entitled "We Don't Need Talking Apes." . . . From then on whenever we took a trip with our "talking ape," we could expect to see our name in print. . . . In general our reaction to publicity has been to agree with the man who said we don't need talking apes. Nor do we really need talking editorial writers, but both can be entertaining and useful if they are not taken too seriously.

Many readers will no doubt take Mrs. Hayes at her word and enjoy her disarming account of a unique household, her sympathetic portrayal of Viki's personality, and the sketches of its impact on a variety of human beings. We learn at the end that the experiment is being continued, and that a grant has been made for a research assistant—presumably to double the parts of Nanny and animal psychologist. Apart from its role as contemporary entertainment, the book may also perhaps provide material for future social historians of North America.

ANTHONY BARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Inspector of Ruins. By ELSA TRIOLET. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

This is the Hour. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

The Desert in the Heart. By PETER GLADWIN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This Day's Madness. By PETER DEWHURST *Home & Van Thal.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is impossible to remember the summer of 1940—the Year One of modern history—without thinking of the poetry of Louis Aragon; of "*Couleur de l'incendie au loin, roses d'Anjou,*" and "*Je n'oublierai jamais les lilas ni les roses,*" and all the other lines that hold the piercing beauty of an ending world, and were written in a state of *crève-coeur*, and in contemplation of the eyes of his wife, Elsa Triolet. *Les Yeux d'Elsa*: it is profoundly disconcerting to find oneself, now, looking not at, but through them; to discover that they are not only an object, but an organ of vision; that they are desperate, ironic, cynical, and in the end compassionate; that, in fact, they see almost everything, except the future.

The predicament of the hero of her novel is, as he puts it, that he has lost his past. He puts it in a great many other ways, too. Antonin Blond spends much of his autobiography in finding

synonyms for his condition, in repeating, like Wagner's Siegfried, the story of the past he has lost. He has returned to Paris from a concentration camp, to find his wife, his friends, his world all gone. He decides to join the crowd, to "become invisible," to be "the Unknown Man, a bigger thing, it stands for more people, than the Unknown Soldier." He lives, platonically, in the lodge of a widowed concierge, and spends his nights less platonically with the clairvoyant upstairs, or with the many other mistresses available to a "man without a face." He is exploited by an all-night chemist, to whose shop come fantastic symbols of ruined France, bleeding, sick, or in quest of ether. There is an interestingly devised time-lag between Antonin's manifestoes and the reader's adhesion to them; we find ourselves pitying him some time after he pities himself, belatedly accepting his comic despair as a valid comment on the world's persistent hope. "I was gravely lacking in common sense, but I was only slightly wounded," he says of his war service; "nowadays I'm only slightly lacking in common sense, and my wound is mortal." And when at last he renounces his false identification of freedom and solitude, realises that any individual has absolute liberty at any time to declare the millennium and the brotherhood of man, he is incontinently run over by a taxi, "at a point other than a crossing for pedestrians." He has done all he can for his readers, the rest is up to them.

This gay little, fey little study of the picaresque of the cold peace is not wanting in analogies. It is Sartre's formidable tetralogy rewritten, with most of its implications preserved, as a light comedy. Its central episode and symbol, when Antonin becomes an inspector of German ruins to a millionaire who has bought up all the ruins in Europe ("Make them respect you," says his boss, "don't forget that the ruins you are going to inspect are *our* ruins—it was either we or our Allies who created them, they belong to us"), is a miniature parody of Gogol's *Dead Souls*. And in its proliferation of the real fantasy that leaps into stark visibility when everyday life is floodlit by an intolerable and inescapable historic situation, *The Inspector of Ruins* recalls our own English *Shaving through the Blitz*. The translation, by Norman Cameron, has the quality one most desires and least expects in a rendering from an original that deserves it—namely, style.

It is now twenty years and more since, some of us in our schooldays, we all read *Jew Süss* and *The Ugly Duchess*; and we received, perhaps for the first time, an impression of history as a country thronged with people and things in violent and subtle interaction, a moving continent larger than the always-stationary present can ever be, a world in time. If one met them again now, would they have fallen flat, with one's own ageing as much as with their own, like *Nada the Lily*, or *The White Company*? Probably not; Dr. Feuchtwanger's new novel, at least, is a very long, fine and fascinating historical romance in the grand manner, German in thoroughness, Jewish in brilliance, international in good-will. The place is Spain in the 1790s, the hero Goya in his forties, creating his best pictures, becoming the lover of the Duchess of Alba, whom he painted naked and clothed as La Maja, and being punished with deafness and fear of insanity. As a complete picture of every corner and stratum of Spain *This is the Hour* attempts, deliberately and, on its lower plane, not unsuccessfully, to follow Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. There is space in its enormous length for significant and living detail, for a wonderful deployment of historical change, political intrigue, and shifting relationships between multitudes of characters. Dr. Feuchtwanger ends each section with lyrical or reflective verses in unrhymed eight-syllable trochees, in the manner of Heine; and that is a most interesting and effective innovation. *This is the Hour* seems to me one of the few historical novels in recent years worth taking seriously.

The Desert in the Heart is an energetic Australian first novel that does what it sets out to do: it creates real-seeming characters, sets them in conflict, and relates the clear-cut panorama of a small town between the wars to a dim background of eternity and first principles. A strike is made and broken; the wicked fight the good and win, while the hypocrites (known as "wowsers") cheer them on, and the well-meaning face both ways. The love-making, humour and drinking have the special nuance of difference that comes of a country where people walk upside-down, and licensing-hours end at six; so, too, has the language. Australian is not merely a form of Cockney in which trousers are called pants, a dialect of American in which "bloody" is a swear-word. It is a separate language, with a unique bite and rhythm, which occasionally gives us a Norman Lindsay or a Peter Gladwin, and one day will produce its own Hemingway.

This Day's Madness is an acceptable thriller-fantasy about an elderly solicitor who is interested in Central American history and finds himself making it. This rise of this vain little man from tourist to Leader of the fictitious republic of Costazuela, his climb over unnoticed double-crosses and ignored counter-plots, presents an amusing and curiously touching spectacle. But there is, or should be, a well-known proverb for novelists—look after the minor characters, and the major characters will look after themselves. Mr. Dewhurst will become a welcome and awaited artist in his chosen form, if he will devote more attention to hangers-on (by not allowing them to drop off), and to transitional passages, and to spelling.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

ANGLO-IRISH

Dr. E. Œ. Somerville: A BIOGRAPHY. By GERALDINE CUMMINS. *Dakers.* 21*s.*

Edith Somerville and her collaborator Martin Ross were brilliant members of the brilliant race known as the Anglo-Irish, who, in fact, are neither the one nor the other, and who nowadays seldom feel anywhere quite at home, except on the back of a horse. Among the true Gaels they pass for aliens, even interlopers, until the moment when they cover themselves with glory and their achievement can be quietly collected and used for the ends of national advertisement. In England people want to know how it is they manage to speak without a brogue. If as a rule their loyalty is still to the Crown, their affection is to their native land, in the Balkan intricacies of whose domestic arrangements there is, however, no place for them. Leaders with no one to lead, they continue living in their large, dilapidated houses and while away the time in hunting, fishing and shooting, models of eccentricity and extravagance.

In her long life of ninety years Edith Somerville saw her world gradually pass away to be replaced by a new and unsatisfactory one; but she was not shaken. Apart from a nip of frost in her pen when she touches on the vulgarity of the rising Irish middle class, there is little in her writing to indicate either resentment or disapproval. To the end she was the lady of the Big House, generous, indomitable, fastidious, loving and loyal to "her people," whose returning love and loyalty, in the Big House tradition, she took for granted. To the end she knew exactly what was what. "I'm not terribly taken with what you say of Mr. Jacob," she wrote, concerning a theatrical producer who wanted to make *A Horse! A Horse!* into a musical play: "Has he any pretensions to being a gentleman?" But the slightly stuffy Master of Foxhounds, the half-educated aristocrat, together with her cousin produced masterpieces like *The Real Charlotte* and *The Reminiscences of an Irish R.M.* When they began writing there were raised eyebrows in the Family. A certain "Louisa" had written books, to be sure; but "Louisa" was married. It is appalling to think that if the Family had been a little more resolute, or the girls a little less so, Flurry Knox and his grandmother might never have seen the day.

Miss Cummins has written a sympathetic and

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admiring tribute to her old friend; but she might have done her better service if she had frankly described it as a personal memoir rather than a biography, and had considerably shortened it. There are many pleasant touches and one delicious anecdote but for which I would have said the book was over-priced. It concerns an English lady who had ordered a taxi to take her to the boat for England: the taxi arrived, as Irish taxis will, too late for this: but the provoked lady was immediately silenced by the driver's mother. "Let it be a lesson to you, Miss Gibbes," she said, in simple and dignified reproof, "not to trust us in future. Let it be a good lesson to you."

For the soul of Ireland in a nutshell a guinea is not too much, for the practical value of the lesson itself, not nearly enough. But if Miss Cummins were really writing a biography, material should have been gathered wider afield. There must, for example, be many more important and interesting letters of Dr. Somerville in existence than the hasty and rather schoolgirlish jottings with which she too often pads her text. Again, a chapter headed "Moore and Sargent" arouses our eager expectation, and it is disappointing to find both these celebrities dismissed in eleven lines. We learn with little surprise that Moore once made an indecent remark in front of Dr. Somerville and with even less surprise that she promptly left the room. The book is rambling and repetitious, the writing often hasty and slipshod; but the portrait of a grand old lady does emerge uncertainly from its pages, and the author makes it clear in a modest postscript that she had not hoped for more.

HONOR TRACY

SEVEN FRENCH POETS

Contemporary French Poetry. By JOSEPH CHIARI. *Manchester University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

M. Chiari's book is not a general survey of contemporary French poetry—as the title may suggest—but a collection of essays on seven poets: Valéry, and MM. Claudel, Supervielle, Eluard, Perse, Emmanuel and Michaux. If these essays have a unity, it is that of M. Chiari's individual approach—not the specious unity imposed on similar collections by the inventors of "trends" and other convenient classifications; for, in Mr. Eliot's words in the foreword: "we can I think speak of the present situation of French poetry as corresponding to a *crisis of prosody*." With the exception of the minor Surrealists, to whom the writer devotes an additional chapter, no two contemporary poets of any importance can be assumed to have a common basis of philosophy, experience or technique. M. Chiari, therefore, was justified in confining his general remarks to the introductory and concluding chapters; but it is only fair to warn adherents of the New Criticism that he makes no bones about his subjectivity. He not only believes, but is honest enough to declare, that "any critical appreciation of a work of art can only be, in the end, a personal statement of one's likes and dislikes."

Believing that the form and content of a poem are indivisible, he provides little technical analysis of single poems, but, by quotation and comment, attempts to convey something of the wholeness underlying each poet's work. Himself a poet, he has the gift of momentarily entering into another man's vision, of suspending disbelief and seeing each poet's problems as that poet might see them; his excellences, in short, are those deriving from sympathy and from the implicit conviction that, as Mr. Eliot writes in his foreword, "without poetry civilisation cannot flourish." M. Chiari's debt to Mr. Eliot's critical works is considerable; but he has not made the common mistake of attributing to Mr. Eliot's passionately personal criticism the supra-personal validity of dogma.

It follows from the nature of M. Chiari's approach that the best essays in this book are those on the poets who appeal to him most: they are Valéry and MM. Supervielle, Emmanuel and Eluard. His sympathy with M. Claudel is, to put it mildly, imperfect; perhaps he would have done better to substitute an essay on Apollinaire, on the almost entirely neglected Milosz or on any other of the important poets omitted from this book. In the case of M. Claudel, M. Chiari can be blatantly unjust; thus, on page 75 he denies him the right to use the perfectly straightforward simile of the two strong men carrying a sheep strung to a pole, by remarking: "'*Les deux hommes forts*'; one is Claudel, the other is difficult to find. It might stand for the symbol of God." There is no reason for supposing that the two men are intended to be anything but what they are said to be. Such a comment, however, is anything but typical of M. Chiari's manner; it was due to a temporary—and understandable—exasperation with his subject. What is remarkable about his book as a whole is the wide scope of his comprehension and sympathy.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

SHORTER REVIEWS

Botteghe Oscure IX. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is good news that the firm of Hamish Hamilton is now handling the distribution of *Botteghe Oscure*, for this periodical deserves to be much better known in England. Nothing produced here can be compared with it in scope, variety and beauty of format. Published in Rome, each issue of nearly 500 pages is devoted to creative writing from France, Italy, England and the United States, contributions appearing in their original languages. In this ninth number, there are also several pieces originally written in German which, surely rather unnecessarily, have been translated into French; the most important of these is Rudolf Kassner's *L'Agonie de Platon*.

The English section this time is particularly strong in poetry. There is the central poem of Mr. W. R. Rodgers's new book; Mr. Ronald Bottrall's *Natural Order* develops its theme with brilliant economy; and Mr. Charles Madge's Ballads, intrinsically subtle, nevertheless haunt as genuine ballads do. Mr. Dylan Thomas contributes not a poem but "a piece for radio perhaps," which might well be effective on the air. Its avowedly provisional title, *Llareggub*, appears less cryptic if read backwards. One of the great merits of *Botteghe Oscure* is that it does not confine itself to snippets of verse or prose, but devotes as much as thirty or forty pages to a single piece of imaginative writing. Franco Fortini's *Sere in Valdossola*, Gino Bacchetti's *Il Magazzino*, Pearl Kazin's *The Jester*, and the impressive story by James Agee are all of considerable length. This liberality of space is encouraging not only to creative writers, but to readers who want not merely to sip but to savour at leisure and evaluate.

Around Britain with Bon Viveur. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Setting out four-handed—the author is a brace of journalists—in pursuit of that *rarissima avis*, the good hotel, Bon Viveur has returned with an impressive list of 132 in which both food and hospitality reach commendable standards. Miss Frances Dale and her husband, Mr. John Cradock, ranged from Cornwall to the Highlands, anonymous and sometimes heavily disguised, indomitably ordering Tio Pepe and asking for late meals, suffering squalid discomforts and finding unexpected delights, exploding the universal excuse of the Catering Wages Act and discovering that crawfish, unboiled, are capable of barking like dogs.

Their account of gastronomic splendours and miseries is served with a pleasing sauce of anecdote and description. Nothing could be more to the point than their advice that Yorkshire pudding should resemble "cuts off a giant golden puff-ball, not wedges from a section of damp flannel". But it is a shock to find that their lists of traditional dishes seem to have been lifted without acknowledgement from Messrs. Whitbread's handbook on the subject, that they appear to think that an apricock is a bird and that there is a college at Oxford named Magdalene. These inaccuracies breed suspicion, which is unhappily increased when the authors venture into French. While upbraiding provincial hoteliers for their struggles with that language, the authors permit themselves such distressing solecisms as "*Pouilly Fuissée*", "*spinach à la créme*", and "*consomme natur*". Before this book

runs into any further editions, which it deserves to do. Miss Dale and Mr. Cradock might profitably spend a quiet evening with Larousse.

Peasant Renaissance in Yugoslavia 1900-1950. By RUTH TROUTON. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

Whatever the glories of our industrial civilisation, food remains the basic human need; and the peasant still holds the future in his hand. What happens to a traditional peasant society under the impact of modern conditions and ideas? The present study investigates this in detail for Yugoslavia in the last fifty years. First, it describes "pure" peasant society before the West broke in; then discusses Yugoslavia between the wars; and finally gives a rather glowing account of the peasants under Tito.

Special attention is given to the way in which education is given to the villages. The argument is carefully steered to the conclusion that Tito's Yugoslavia has found a happy solution; and it is, of course, true that, because of the industrial backwardness of the country, the Communist leaders are mostly former school-teachers instead of industrial workers. All the same, the pattern is too beautiful to be altogether convincing. Much of the book inevitably lacks precision; figures would tell more than phrases. The Yugoslavs believe in miracles; and perhaps Tito has accomplished one. But the sceptical Western observer will be inclined to think that, in Yugoslavia as elsewhere, the towns continue to exploit the country. Can education really be the substitute for a generous supply of industrial goods?

The Oxford Junior Encyclopædia, Vol. VI. FARMING AND FISHERIES. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

The usefulness of any reference book can only be tested over a reasonable long period of time. But so far as one can judge without having read it through, the latest volume of the *Oxford Junior Encyclopædia* is fully up to the standard of its predecessors. It deals not only with farming and fisheries but also with such related subjects as forestry, fur hunting, and gardening—all the articles in the volume being arranged in a single index.

This division of the encyclopædia into volumes dealing with separate departments of learning has some obvious advantages, but also some defects. For instance, the excellent short "History of Gardening" in Volume Six is not complete because the editors have decided that "landscape gardening," unlike flower gardening, is an art and must therefore be considered in the future Volume Twelve; and there are other similar anomalies. The articles themselves seem to be clearly written, up to date, and tolerably cautious in tone. The illustrations, both photographs and line-drawings are good in themselves and genuinely illustrative.

Solitary Confinement. By CHRISTOPHER BURNEY. *Clerke & Cockeran.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

This is a book about four bare walls—"the calculated degradation of a human dwelling-place"—and the strange adaptability of the human brain used objectively by its owner. Christopher Burney, on a secret mission in France, was captured by the Germans in August, 1942, and kept in solitary confinement at Fresnes Prison, near Paris, for eighteen months. He was then moved to Buchenwald, about which he has already written. But few accounts of imprisonment have achieved this intensity of self-observation or this enviable economy of description. "Cogitation," Mr. Burney writes, "may have tailored these incidents to psychological ends," but they have the simplicity of exact truth and of insignificant things which become poignant through the writer's heightened perception. One will not easily forget the snail smuggled in from the exercise yard and vainly tempted with little pieces of cabbage from the prison soup, the cracked bell which, shattering months of silence, suddenly began to toll the hours—"a disaster of truly great proportions"—and the unwelcome tapping by the prisoner in the next cell, fouling the splendour of solitude with his "infantile code." The book is beautifully and sharply written, as though Gissing had written *De Profundis*—except that self-pity never once obtrudes. Clear writing like this is the product of clear thinking; and it seems likely that, until he loses his reason, the thinking of a man in solitary confinement has the sharp, white clarity of a plant half-grown in pitch darkness.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Miscellaneous Orchestral. WAGNER: *Siegfried Idyll* (Philharmonia/Cantelli. DB 9746-7); Ditto and HAYDN: Symphony No. 45, F sharp minor (Stuttgart Chamber Orch. and Members of Suisse Romande/Münchinger. *LXT 2669). The secret of conducting the *Siegfried Idyll* is relatively simple: take care of the wind and the strings will take care of themselves. Cantelli does not achieve this as well as Münchinger: his version is certainly the best available on SP, and the Philharmonia strings are richer in tone and more individually beautiful than those of the Stuttgart orchestra; but time and again the shy bird voices, the horn calling from the forest, are overwhelmed by the strings. The LP performance is in this respect ideal, and in all others more than adequate to the beauty of the music. The "Farewell" Symphony is conducted and recorded with similar good judgment. In both pieces the horn playing is strikingly beautiful. DEBUSSY: *La Mer* (NBCSO/Toscanini. DB 21453-5). Here is a performance which really makes one see and smell, as well as hear, the sea. The detail stands out where it should, and the rest is a glorious welter of impressionist harmony. The recording, despite patches of distortion (especially on side 5), is easily the best granted to Toscanini since before the war. Still, the recording of the Ansermet LP (Decca) remains superior, and those who possess the disc need not feel absolutely obliged to exchange it. STRAUSS: *Don Juan* (Philharmonia/Karajan. LX 8920-1). A wonderfully vital performance, instinct with the slightly lurid sense of beauty for which the conductor is famous. The tone quality is mostly very fine, but I do not find the strings quite as well recorded as in the recent set of *Till* by the same forces. MUSSORGSKY: *A Night on the Bare Mountain* (Philharmonia/Malko. C 7914-5). It would be nice, for once, to hear this piece in the composer's own version, which is said to differ very considerably from that of Rimsky-Korsakov, used in this recording. The performance is adequate, but the tone uncomfortably pinched. I prefer the LSO/Coates set (Decca). The fill-up to this issue—the Entracte from Act 4 of Mussorgsky's *Khovanshchina*—is much better recorded. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Capriccio Italien* (Columbia Sym. Orch./Beecham. LX 8924-5). Though somewhat too resonant, this recording must be praised for the sheer brilliance of the playing, which does everything possible to recommend a pompous and outmoded piece of music. The set seems to me preferable, by a narrow margin, to that of Kletzki (Col.). NICOLAI: *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—Overture (Philharmonia/Schuechter. DX 1827). A disappointingly limp performance, ill recorded. The LPO/Boult issue (DB 21223), though far from ideally recorded, is the best available. Also recommended: RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Russian Easter Festival Overture (Philharmonia/Dobrowen. C 7916-7).

Vocal. Complete operas: MOZART: *Don Giovanni* (Stabile/Pernerstorfer/Grob-Prandl/Handt/Konetzni/Poell/Heusser/Vienna Sym. Orch. and State Opera Chorus/Swarowsky. *HLP 2030. 4 discs); *La Finta Giardiniera* (Guillaume/Junker-Giesen/Jenne/Plümacher/Hohmann/Pfeifle, etc./Stuttgart Radio Orch./Reinhardt. *PLP 531. 3 discs); *La Clemenza di Tito* (Weikenmeier/Nentwig/Plümacher/Mangold, etc./Stuttgart Radio Orch./Lund. *PLP 550. 3 discs). PURCELL: *Dido and Aeneas* Houston/Leigh/Cuthill/Cummings, etc./Stuart Chamber Orch./Gregory. *PLP 546). Apart from *Dido*, the Vienna *Don Giovanni* is perhaps the most enjoyable of these issues. Mariano Stabile, freed from the necessity of projecting his voice, gives an astonishing performance, full of character and in diction quite excellent. The Don Ottavio of Herbert Handt is most musical, and as Donna Elvira Hilde Konetzni makes the most of her sensitive style, so that we agree to overlook the unsteadiness of her voice. The Donna Anna (Grob-Prandl) has a good solid organ, excellent in legato, but too heavy to cope with the agile

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Company Meeting

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY

SUBSTANTIAL INCREASE IN TURNOVER

THE fifty-third annual general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Limited, was held on June 9 in London.

Sir Clive Baillieu, K.B.E., C.M.G. (the chairman), in the course of his speech, said:—

One of the most important features of our Dunlop Group results for the past year is the substantial increase in turnover which resulted in total sales for the year of £284 million. This represents a very large volume of sales, in fact the highest we have ever reached, and I think it right at the outset to emphasise that this directly causes or affects several other important features of the Group's position.

The total capital employed by the Group from all sources in order to achieve the turnover was £121 million as at the close of the year—an increase of over £21 million on the preceding year's figure. That is a very large amount of capital to put to use in a group trading in so many countries as we do. The increase is due not only to the continued world inflation in 1951 but also, and to a larger extent, to the increased quantities of goods required from the Group. It should be noted especially that the ratio of turnover to capital employed rose from 1.97 to 1 in 1950 to 2.35 to 1 in 1951.

The major item in the capital employed is inventories, and at the 31st December last we had over £61 million invested in inventories in the Group as compared with £40 million the year before. When this total inventory is related to the turnover involved for the year you will, however, note that the ratio at 21 per cent. of sales is not out of line with the previous year at 20 per cent. of sales.

The increased Working Capital requirements created considerable financing problems during the year. You will recall that when we issued further shares in 1950, we stated that our Working Capital requirements consequent upon the high level and uncertainty of our raw material prices would be financed by temporary borrowing. Bills have been used to an increasing extent and these, together with Bank Loans and Overdrafts almost entirely Overseas have satisfactorily met our requirements.

You will already have noted from the Directors' Report that the ratio of profit to turnover declined from 9.2 per cent. in 1950 to 6.5 per cent. in 1951, both figures being gross before deduction of tax.

With the ever-increasing burden of taxation, which in 1951 absorbed 66 per cent. of the Group's profit, what appears to be a reasonable profit margin before taxation becomes almost dangerously low when taxation has been provided, the percentage in 1951 being 2.2 per cent. or 5½d. in each £1 of sales.

I would like at this point to refer to one or two aspects of our general overseas business. We have had a good year abroad and by reference to the reports on the individual territories, which is included in the Report on Divisions and Subsidiary Companies, you will see that satisfactory profits have been earned over a wide field.

During the year it was decided to establish a tyre factory in Brazil, subject to satisfactory arrangements with the Brazilian Government, as well as the approval of the Bank of England. A site has now been bought, and is being prepared.

In 1951 our general export business was at a high level, but declined towards the end of the year. Whereas the artificial barriers to trade were being breached one by one in 1950 and the early part of 1951, this trend has since been reversed. The return towards the bilateral balancing of trade accounts between countries, means inevitably a balance at a reduced level. This imposes limits on the country's export business which do not lie in the power of industrial companies to overcome. It is, therefore, much to be hoped that the country's importance as a buyer of food and raw materials will reassert itself, so that a widening range of British manufactured goods may be sent to countries which seem ready and able to take similar goods from our Continental and other competitors. In the case of some countries trade is governed by trade agreements. While an exchange, for example, of food for fuel may be the dominating purpose of such an agreement, the ancillary trade in manufactured goods is of great importance to this country. Under these circumstances only the Government can open the way for the trader and one practical step towards this end might well be to make more specific references to individual groups of product, by name, in the body of trade agreements when they are negotiated.

The report was adopted.

demands of her two big arias. (On a new disc—LB 124—Ljuba Welitsch gives the best modern performance of "Or sai, chi l'onore," though the recording is not quite clean.) The orchestral part is conducted with a nice ear for woodwind detail and the balance is quite good. *La Finta Giardiniera* is scarcely less enjoyable, though an efficient cast is marred by the flaccid style of Werner Hohmann as Belfiore. The opera suffers from being an uneasy mixture of *buffa* and *seria*, and, since the *secco* is (sensibly enough) omitted, the work is reduced to a succession of insufficiently varied, though always charming, arias and ensembles, from which the madly silly plot scarcely emerges. The overture is rather heavily played, but the orchestra quickly improves. The *Clemenza*, on the other hand, can be recommended only to those who must have the music at any price. The performance is a very rough affair, which might just get by in a broadcast but cannot stand perpetuation. Hetty Plümacher is adequate, but the rest of the cast is not and as Titus, Albert Weikenmeier has a disagreeably bleating voice, continuously distorted by the recording. The chorus, too, is very feeble. *Dido* is happily an altogether different case. This is indeed a most distinguished and lively show, with plenty of atmosphere and extremely well rehearsed. No female singer in any of these sets sustains her part as beautifully as the Dido, Eleanor Houston. This is definitely the best available version of the opera. LISZT: *Kennst du das Land?* (Ritchie. C 4168). Liszt's setting of Mignon's song is not among the best known and may not be in the finest taste; but it is far from negligible and, when given the benefit of Margaret Ritchie's delicate art, its over-romantic style ceases to be offensive. Do not miss this beautiful record. Also highly recommended: MOZART: *Das Kinderspiel; Der Zauberer; Die Zufriedenheit; Warnung* (Seefried. LX 1543); VERDI: *Rigoletto*—"Parmi veder"; LEONCAVALLO: *Pagliacci*—"Vesti la giubba" (Tucker. LX 1545); J. STRAUSS: *Der lustige Krieg*—"Nur für Natur"; *Eine Nacht in Venedig*—"Komm' in die Gondel" (Kunz. LX 1544).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,164

Set by I. Bell

A malicious xenophobe draws up a list of instructions to tourists calculated to involve foreign visitors to England in the most embarrassing and unpleasant situations possible. For instance: Never attempt to tip a taxi-driver; cheering is permitted in the public gallery of the House of Commons; any passer-by is welcome to intervene in a game of cricket. The usual prizes are offered for the best set of six examples. Entries by June 24th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,161

Set by Richard Lister

Prizes are offered for a congratulatory epigram, on his eightieth birthday, addressed either to "Max" or to Bertrand Russell. Not more than six lines.

Report by Richard Lister

Wit, no doubt, is easier to deal gracefully with than mathematics; so competitors were more generally successful with Max than with Bertrand Russell. Especially as, disappointingly, only the gentler Georgian or pre-Georgian techniques were attempted. Mr. Auden's poems on people might, one would have thought, have suggested themselves as models. A few like P. M. and Pibwob tried a more frivolous tone, the nearest success being Lakon's *faux naïf*:

Once they lammed you. Now you're eighty
They give consideration weighty
To all you say. Their hearts are melted.
Maybe an earl should not be belted.

But neatness, point and elegance—these competitors can always supply, as the ten examples printed below demonstrate. A guinea each to the six asterisked.

MAX

*Wit, sharp, profound, but never weighty
Still quickens pencil, pen and tongue.
What though the years may add to eighty?
Whom the gods love die young.

PITHECUS

*Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with fruit along the bough,
But by the wide Ligurian bay
Laurels we gently place to-day
Upon the neat Victorian knees
Of Max, the loveliest of the Trees.

ALISON BROTHERS

*Unique in taste, in elegance and wit,
You looked at life and gently laughed at it;
Life took revenge and so prolonged your span
Into the Era of the Common Man.

H. A. C. EVANS

TO SIR MAX BEERBOHM

Sir, who with pen or pencil rare
Your enchanting disenchantment air,
This eightieth birthday we acclaim:
Adding the hope that it's your aim,
Who've kept the Nineties ever new,
To reach your private Nineties, too.

EDWARD BLISHEN

Your Victorian skits and Edwardian satires
We young 'Lizabethans award them A plus;
But don't rest on these laurels bestowed now you're eighty,
The new reign should give you a fresh impetus.
Shall we find, though, when next we examine your Maxworks,
You've kept back the Chamber of Horrors for—— Us?

JOYCE JOHNSON

Kindness and Wit, enraged to be together,
Brawled in a café; royally you rose
And, plumes unruffled, yet in fullest feather,
Proffered two olives: there were no more blows;
Max, may some deities—do not ask me whether
Zeus or Zuleika—guard the friends you chose.

J. R. TILL

TO BERTRAND RUSSELL

*Continue asking all those awkward questions
And blurting out the rude, relentless truth
That always seems too much for our digestions,
Enfant terrible with eighty years of youth!

LESLIE JOHNSON

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*An eagle of the mind, on tireless wings
He climbs, and searches through the topless dome.
Each flight goes further, and from each he brings
Another part of Pilate's answer home.

D. W. BARKER

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Ours the felicitations, that to-day
Your wit is with us still, to keep at bay
Both Nobodaddy on his Judgment Seat
And Pavlov's tramlines yawning at our feet.

ELAINE MORGAN

In offering, Sir, felicitations in your 80th year,
We, your faithful pupils, solemnly forswear
Violence, unreason, strife—and, furthermore,
We deprecate this bomb against your classroom door.

COLIN WATSON

CHESS : Sauce Hollandaise

No. 141

Let there be no misunderstanding. It was by no means saucy of the Dutch team to cross the Channel and to challenge ours. As a matter of fact they won handsomely and deservedly, and they might have scored ½ point more, had not Euwe in this position robbed himself of the reward for his very fine play. He saw very well that he could win by Q-R6, and subsequent analysis proved that with the R getting on to the KR file (after P-Kt5) it would have been a most elegant win. But Euwe thought that Kt x P would win just as well and more simply, overlooking that after the exchanges of Kt and Q Black, by Kt-QB3 could fork R and B, thereby winning the exchange. A few moves later, by counter-sacrificing a R for the dangerous White QB, E. Klein could force the draw. In the second round Euwe played Black against D. V. Hooper who went in for a highly entertaining sacrificial venture ; alas, it wasn't quite as sound as any sacrifice had better be when dared against someone like Euwe.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(15) B x BP	Q-K2
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(16) P-K4	Kt-K1
(3) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(17) B-R6	P-B3
(4) P-K3	O-O	(18) B x R	K x B
(5) P-QR3	B x Kt	(19) P-Kt4	B-B1
(6) P x B	P-QKt3	(20) B x B	R x B
(7) KKt-K2	B-Kt2	(21) P-Kt5	Q x P
(8) Kt-Kt3	P-QB4	(22) P x KBP	P x P
(9) B-Q3	QKt-B3	(23) R-K2	Q-R5
(10) O-O	P-Q3	(24) R-KKt2	R-QB2
(11) P-KB4	P-KKt3	(25) Q-B3	Kt-K4
(12) QR-R2	Q-Q2	(26) Q-R8	R-KB2
(13) P-KB5	KP x P	(27) P x P	Q x P ch
(14) Kt x P	KtP x P	(28) K-R1	Kt-Kt5

On the next move Hooper exceeded the time-limit while admitting cheerfully that he would have lost anyhow. Only two of our men, Broadbent and Penrose, scored a full point as well as a draw. Here is J. Penrose's interesting win against van den Berg.

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(19) O-O	R-QB1
(2) P-Q4	P-Q4	(20) KR-Q1	R x P
(3) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(21) Q x RP	K-Q2
(4) P-K5	P-QB4	(22) P-R4	R x P
(5) P-QR3	B x Kt ch	(23) B-K7	Q-B6
(6) P x B	Kt-K2	(24) B-Kt4	P-KKt4
(7) Q-Kt4	Kt-B4	(25) Q-R7	Q-B1
(8) B-Q3	P-KR4	(26) Q-R3	K-B3
(9) Q-B3	Kt-B3	(27) P-R5	P-Kt4
(10) B x Kt	P x B	(28) Q-K3	K-Kt2
(11) Q-Kt3	P-KKt3	(29) KR-QB1	P-B5
(12) B-Kt5	P-R5	(30) Q-R3	R-B5
(13) Q-K3	Q-R4	(31) R x R	Q x R
(14) Kt-K2	P x P	(32) R-QB1	Q-K7
(15) Kt x P	Kt x Kt	(33) B-B8	Q-Q7
(16) Q x Kt	B-K3	(34) Q-K7 ch	K-Kt1
(17) R-Kt1	P-Kt3	(35) Q-Q8 ch	K-Kt2
(18) B-B6	R-KKt1	(36) Q-B7 ch	resigns

Pride of place in this week's competition obviously belongs to Dr. Euwe in his (all too rare) capacity of a composer. Many years ago—so he told me—one of his chess columns was going to press, when, for some

A: M. Euwe 1925

B: N. Cortlever 1946

reason or other, he had no access to his papers. But he had to have a problem within the hour : so in desperation he composed a two-mover. Here it is, surely a neat enough little piece, considering the agony of its birth (and easy enough to be rather overrated with 4 points). But **B**—White to win—should be well worth 7 points ; it was kindly provided by the one of our guests who is not only a strong member of the Dutch team but also a famous study-composer. I would say that this tasty little piece has all the piquancy required to justify the title of this article.

Usual prizes. Entries by June 23.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 24

A : (1) B-K4 ch, R-Kt2, (2) Q-Kt8 ch, R x Q. (3) R x P ch, B x R. (4) Kt-B7 mate.

B : (1) R-Kt8, R x R. (2) B-B3 ch, Q-Kt2. (3) Q-Kt8 ch, R x Q (4) Kt-B7 mate.

C : (1) B-R7, P queens. (2) P-Kt8 (Kt) ch, K-Kt4. (3) R-QKt7 ch, K moves. (4) P queens, R x Q stalemate.

I am glad (though scarcely surprised) that no competitor dropped a point over **A** and **B**. Quite a few, though, were more or less stumped by **C**. Even so I got more than a score of flawless solutions ; hence, prizes can, once again, go to those who have never or rarely got any, such as C. W. Hatton, a 15-year-old schoolboy. He shares with a veritable master (Gerald Abrahams who was an absentee from these competitions for a long time), and with R. Chandra and J. D. Taylor.

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DEUTSCHE Bucher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN Cat. 48 ; Gesamtausgaben, etc., over 1,000 items. Libris, 38A Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WE buy books and find books. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists: Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

GERMAN Literature wanted and sold by Continental Book Supply, 38A Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU 1482.

"PASTEURISED Milk : A National Menace," 7d. : Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

SCHOLARSHIPS

CHOIR Scholarships for September Term. Entry forms from Principal, Broomsbank School, Selsey, Sussex.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

SHORTHAND-Typing wanted for evenings and/or week-ends. Box 1624.

AUTHORS' MSS., Scripts, Theses carefully typed. Business documents copied, Stencils cut. Mrs. Taylor, 34 Peel Street, W.8. Park 5504.

SOCIETIES requiring secretarial assistance : Organising Secretary with Committee exp. will undertake secretarial work, book-keeping, etc., for bodies not requ. full-time worker. Occasional assignments, circularising and the organisation of special events also undertaken. Terms moderate. Box 1172.

DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1511/2.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furn. service room with breakfast & dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143, Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 60 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rooms. Personal attention. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Other meals optional.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

TO let : pleasant double room with or without board. Suitable friends/students. 1st flr., S. Kensington. FREmantle 2881.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

IN modern Court : To let, furnished bed-sitting room, central heating, telephone, bath, breakfast. 3gns. p.w. Tel. BAY 0909.

DR. offers s.c. top flr. flat. Central. Newly decor. & furn. Suit 4. Lounge, kit., 2 bdrms. (sgle. bds.), rm. with wash basin. Use of bath and tel. 26s. each. Box 1695.

COMF. furn. bed-sit. rm., with bkfst. if reqd. Gentleman preferred. 5 Stirling Mans., 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

LARGE beautifully furnished studio room, kitchenette, Belsize Pk., from July 5. 4½ p.w. Tel. Podbashur, PRI. 8724.

FURNISHED room, all conv., breakfast, 2gns. Hampstead. Box 1702.

5 Mins. Notting Hill Gate, nicely furnished room, 2 divans, own Gas cooker, telephone extension, use bath, ground floor, communal Gardens. Rent 2½gns. PAR. 8325.

SMALL front bed-sit. rm. with use of kit. & bath. Suit intelligent lady/gentleman. Enquire : GLA. 1473 (any time until 2 p.m.).

FURN. flat, Regent's Pk., to let 3/4 wks. Aug. 2 rms., K. & B. Modt. Box 1655.

WEST Kensington : Several small furnished flats now available from 4-7gns. p.w. 6/12 months' tenancies. Responsible and careful tenants only. Apply Box 1515.

HAMPSTEAD. Single & double well-furn. divan rms. fitted with regulo gas cookers. Near Tube & Bus. Coal Gas/Electric fires. Apply at Lex Cleaners, 92 West End Lane, W. Hampstead, N.W.6. MAI. 6401.

LARGE, quiet, sunny room to let from July 7. Use of kit., bathroom, garden. Suit prof., or business man/woman. Hay-don, 115a Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 3199 (after 7 p.m.).

TO let : 1 10-rmd. house (N.20), part furn. ½ large garden, garage. Box 1713.

REGENT'S Park flat. South aspect, attractively furn., to let during July/Aug./Sept. 2 large bedrms., large sitting-rm., kit., bath; sleeps 4. £7 p.w. Box 1651.

COMF. furnished flatlets to let, N. London. Easy transport. Week-days 'phone evenings, week-ends any time, TUDor 8965.

FURN. room in modern house, grd. floor. 'Phone after 7 p.m. STA. 7056.

HIGHGATE Woods. Comf., convenient divan room, redecorated. Gas fire, ring, use bath, tel., £2. TUD. 8207 after 6.

SEAFORD. Near sea. Double bed-sitting room, kitchen, w.c., use of bathroom. June/July. 5gns. p.w. Box 1344.

FURN. Cot., lovely mountain country. Ideal univ. teacher/lit. person. Box 1623.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

JULY/SEPT. Self-contained flat on large yacht moored Pembrokeshire river. Accommodation for four or five. Write : Marshall, The Quay, Haverfordwest.

FIRST-FLOOR furnished flat in country house overlooking Wyrnewy River—4 bedrooms (5 beds), two sitting-rooms, bathroom, kitchen (Calor gas), own staircase and terrace garden. Shops, bus, ½ mile. 7gns. incl. constant hot water and elec. light. Lady Aileen Meade, Penylan, Meifod, Montgomeryshire.

W. Sussex market garden: comfortable dble. room, h.c. Indoor san. Garage. Bognor 25 miles. Very quiet country. 4½gns. week. Dalby, Hold, Loxwood (532).

SUSSEX Downland village, mile sea, static ♥ S/C furn. accom., country house. Double bed., large sitting-room, dining, bath, kit. Mod. Conveniences. 4gns. Box 1518.

TO let. Well-furnished secluded bungalow Bucks village. 1 hr. London. 2 acres woods, orchard. Co's w., electricity, tel., bus route. Sit. 19½ × 15ft., 2 bed., kit., bath. Garden room. 5gns. Box 1510.

EXCHANGE. 3 bed., 2 rec. S.-d. rented house with garden at Filton, Bristol for similar, London Suburbs. Box 1711.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer on study leave requires furnished flat in London, September-April. Taylor, 179 Wellington Street, Perth, Western Australia.

N.Z. business couple, both graduates, require moderate flat. Box 1661.

DENTAL Stud., marrying Aug., shs. fur./unfur. s/c acc. Lond. area. Box 1475.

YOUNG lady reqs. small flat London. Mod. terms. State rent. Box 1630.

YOUNG couple, child, need unfur. accom. Pay rent in advance. Box 1483.

GRAD. willing baby-mind reqs. unfur./semi-fur. (rm./s) Sept. London. Box 1511.

WANTED, Twickenham to Clapham area, or Windsor, 2 rooms (one as kitch.), or small flat, unfurnished/part-furnished, for professional woman. Quiet, careful tenant. Willing baby-sit occasionally. Box 1503.

HARVARD teacher shs. small furn. flat for year, beginning Sept. Will consider exch. Central Area, N. or N.W. pref. Write : H. Eckstein, 18 Shuler Lane, Cambridge 38, Mass.

AMERICAN Professor, visiting England academic year 1952-53, wishes rent furnished flat or house; preferably London, Cambridge or Oxford. Write details to Cyril Ribby, 14 The Avenue, Barnet, Herts.

UNFURN. flat reqd. Glasgow. 1/2 apartments, kitchenette, for lady. Box 1628.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

§ *The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the Applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. An appointment will shortly be made to a Lectureship in the Department of Modern Languages (at £800×£50–£950). Qualifications in German are the essential requirement. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is July 31, 1952.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Philosophy. The Council invites applications for an Assistant Lectureship in Philosophy on the salary scale £450-£25-£500, according to qualifications and experience. An interest in Ancient Philosophy, though not essential, will be a recommendation. Applications (three copies) should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than July 4, 1952.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a Research Assistant in the School of Social Studies, to begin duties on October 1, 1952. An interest in industrial sociology would be an advantage. Salary £350–£400 according to exper., with superannuation provision under the F.S.S.U., and a family allowance. Applications (four copies) including the names and addresses of three referees, and, if desired, copies of testimonials, should reach the undersigned (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by July 5, 1952. A. W. Chapman, Registrar.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the Social Science Department. Salary scales £600–£1,150 per annum and £450–£550 per annum respectively, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. The successful candidate will be required to take part in teaching and research in the Social Science Department with particular reference to the postgraduate course in Personnel Administration. It is desirable that applicants should combine academic qualifications with industrial experience. Candidates are invited to give in their applications the names of three referees. Applications should be received not later than the 24th June, 1952, by the Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, London, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

WOLVERHAMPTON and Staffordshire Technical College. Principal: C. I. Old, B.Sc.(Eng.), M.Sc.Tech. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited for the following appointment: Assistant (Grade A) to teach English (and Social Studies), mainly to senior technical students. Salary on Burnham Technical Scale (1951) for Assistants Grade A: Men, £375×£18 to £630. Women, £338×£15 to £504. Additions for training, degree, etc. Further particulars and application forms (to be returned within eight days after receipt) from F. Lonsdale Mills, M.C., B.A., Clerk to the Joint Education Committee, Education Offices, North Street, Wolverhampton.

WESTHOPE Manor School — qualified teacher required to commence September general subjects but specially Mathematics and Science for Senior group—12-15 years. Broadminded applicants who are interested in the individual child may apply. Burnham scale, residential or non-residential. Apply Principal, Westhope Manor School, Craven Arms, Salop.

SUMMERHILL needs in Sept. unmarried teachers, kindergarten, maths., languages. Pioneer school pay with board-residence. No testimonials required, but teaching qualifications are. A. S. Neill, Summerhill School, Leiston, Suffolk.

GRADUATE Master, single, not over 45, required in September for coeducational school (vegetarian) with proportion of difficult children. Box 1600.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Two members of staff required in Voluntary Home for emotionally disturbed children aged 7-13 to undertake the work of (a) Young Housemaster or Housemother with abilities in games or crafts; (b) Assistant Cook & Cleaner; (c) Secretary. Salary according to experience. Please write fully in first instance to Bonny Weaver, Ponds, Seer Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

MATRON, single, not over 45, reqd. in Sept. for coed. school (vegetarian) with proportion of difficult children. Box 1607.

WILTSHIRE County Council. Applications are invited from men and women for post of Child Care Officer. Duties include boarding out, adoption, child life protection and some Court work. Salary £470 to £515. Completion of Home Office course in Child Care or degree or diploma in Social Science desirable. Superannuable appointment. Candidates must be able to drive car. Application forms from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable as soon as possible. Canvassing disqualifies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. A closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences; (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy; (c) Biological Sciences; (d) Engineering subjects; and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers, at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 20 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £628–£786 (men); £533–£655 (women). Assistant Experimental Officers £275–£586 (men); £275–£489 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £275; at 26, £498 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

B.B.C. requires Administrative Assistant, School Broadcasting Council for Wales, Cardiff. Duties will include Committee work, control of expenditure and work connected with preparation of publications. Requirements include some knowledge of Welsh, administrative experience, preferably in some branch of education, and familiarity with the educational system. Salary £415 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), with 5 annual increments to maximum £575. Apply on prescribed form, which can be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope and quote reference "Education, Cardiff, N.Stm." Closing date for receipt of completed application forms is 14 days from date of this insertion.

B.B.C. requires Danish Typist for Danish Section. Must be able to type from Danish dictation rapidly and accurately and perform other secretarial duties. Starting salary £6 5s. rising to £7 5s. plus 10s. Language Allowance. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Danish, N. Stm." within 7 days.

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Administrative Officer in the International Department. Knowledge of international affairs, the Labour Movement and Socialist International, and drafting ability essential. Language (especially French and/or German), an advantage. Salary £550 to £650. Application forms, to be returned with specimens of written work, not later than Saturday, July 5, 1952, from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

ORGANISER required, London, 5 months beginning August 1, to take charge of welfare and educational arrangements for 800 German students coming to U.K. on a work scheme. Must have administrative experience, ability to deal with people, energy, knowledge of German. Clerical help provided. Please apply Box 1771.

WOODLANDS Holiday Camp, Near Sevenoaks, Kent. Wanted, Social Organiser for the summer season.

ASSISTANT Housekeeper for domestic staff records, staff accommodation, and Linen Room. Good experience for student. Apply Matron, Canad Hospital, Ham Common, Richmond, Surrey.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers reqd. as temporary asst. organisers of children's care work in Public Health Dept. Duties wholly on social work in school health service, incl. recruitment and training of voluntary social workers. Social science diploma or similar qualn. desirable; candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £450–£600. Senior posts normally filled by promotion. Application forms from Medical Officer of Health (PH.D.1), County Hall, London, S.E.1, to be returned by June 21. (587)

ANIMAL Protection Society requires intelligent, alert, well-educated young man to write and lecture. Sound education essential. Preference for university graduate. Good salary, good prospects. Apply Box 1697.

PRESS Agency requires young, adaptable editorial assistant to select and sub. features and short stories for foreign markets. Copy tasting ability and features or syndication experience essential. Knowledge Jewish affairs additional advantage. State age, education, salary to Box 1566.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CROWN Agents for the Colonies. Supervisor of Co-operative Societies required by the Government of Northern Rhodesia for one tour of 36 months' service in the first instance with prospect of permanency. Salary according to experience in the scale £797 a year rising to £1,190 a year including allowances. Outfit allowance £30. Free passages for the officer and his wife and assistance towards the cost of children's passages. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates preferably between 25 and 35 years of age must be well educated with a sound knowledge of economic and commercial principles, and should have had experience of business administration and simple commercial book-keeping and accountancy. Previous experience of Co-operative work in either consumer store operation or in marketing of agricultural products an advantage. Apply at once by letter, stating age, full names in block letters, and full particulars of qualifications and experience, and mentioning this paper to the Crown Agents for the Colonies, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1, quoting on letter M.29584/C. The Crown Agents cannot undertake to acknowledge all applications and will communicate only with applicants selected for further consideration.

SERVICE of Youth. Croydon. The Croydon Boys' Club. Appointment of Club Leader. The Council of the above Club invite applications for the post of Boys' Club Leader at its Rectory Manor Centre, commencing Sept. 1 next. Salary scale £350×£15 p.a., and including progressive London Weighting of £30 p.a. if above 27 years; to £500 p.a. max. Commencing salary will be fixed in accord with age, experience and training. The post is superannuable. The Centre has excellent premises recently redecorated and furnished. Full details, with names of 3 refs., to be sent within 14 days to Hon. Sec., C.B.C., 31 Godson Rd., Waddon, Surrey.

BIRMINGHAM Settlement, Kingstanding. Woman leader for Mixed Youth Club and Children's Clubs to work with man leader for September. Salary according to age and experience. Apply with 2 testimonials and 2 references to Warden, 610 Kingstanding Road, Birmingham, 22.C.

SECRETARIES or Shorthand Writers who are well educated and fully experienced offered excellent opportunities. Salary from 7gns. Also, continuous employment from now until September with highest salaries, short hours and interesting work for first-grade Shorthand and Copy Typists who prefer temporary posts. Fine's Employment Agency, 95-99 Praed Street, AMB. 3400 (30 lines). London's largest Employment Agency.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors needs a shorthand-typist. Apply to the Secretary, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

FOREIGN Diplomat requires smart young valet. Box 1647.

MOTHER'S Help; best conds. To £3 10s. 10 Colcherne Mans., S.W.5. Fro. 5822.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

DEPTL. head nationally-known concern; staff, org., admin. responsibility; early thirties; family; earning four figures; wants work with a purpose. Box 1542.

SWEDISH girl, 25. Matric., fluent English, Shorthand-Typist, some German, French, sks. interesting position in London. Box 1673.

EXPD. sec. S/T., free odd half-days, evenings, weekends. CUN: 0015.

SECRETARY, 28, seeks evening work, preferably for Labour M.P., but anything considered, i.e., copy typing, cooking, housework, barmaid. Box 1447.

EXPERIENCED sec., S/T., free odd half-days. ARC. 1765, ext. 1/MOU. 1701.

WHERE TO STAY

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country within reach Eastbourne; comfort and good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. Horeham Rd. 32.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

CO. Galway, Clifden. Rock Glen Hotel, touring centre 12 Pins Connemara. Bruch.

MAGNIFICENT Chiltern Hills. The perfect retreat for Rest and Relaxation. The Chiltern Gate Hotel, Watlington, Oxon. Tel. 56. New Owner.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

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KENT: Strettit Farm House, East Peckham, Tonbridge. Comf. accom., excellent food. Moderate terms. East Peckham 280.

THE Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. A.A. appntd. Superb posn. Watchbell St. Ideal for holidays. New mgement & ideas. Rye 2216.

RYE, near. Country cottage welcomes paying guests. Farm produce. 5 miles from sea. Mod. cons. Quiet and restful. Also furnished thatched cottage to let at Pett Level; sleep 5. Near sea. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden, Sx. 'Phone Iden 205.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Priv. Hotel. Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

WHERE TO STAY—continued

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GLORIOUS Swiss holiday. Ten days all included for £11 10s. in beautiful old chalet. Homely atmosphere. Good food. Ruedihaus, Kandersteg.

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CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely now. Jersey herd. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surfbathing), Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Excellent cuisine, all comforts greed. Port Isaac 234.

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LAKES. Charm, old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 334.

BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Fine moorland walks with literary associns. H. & C., good Yorkshire fare. Informal, comf. Welcome. Tel. 2313.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. Country house possessing every modern amenity, situated in 12 acres gardens, overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. Details and photos from Box 736.

EIRE. Killiney (6): "Saintbury" overlooking sea. Booking now June and onwards. Guests met at Termini.

ILFRACOMBE. The Wessex Ptc. Hotel. Ideally sit. 2 mins. sea. Mod. comforts. Car park. 5/7 gns. Write broch. Tel. 1014.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A friendly & comfortable country hse. in secluded grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. Appvd. 7½-8½gns. Tel. 3155.

TINTAGEL, Cornwall, Trethevy House Private Hotel. Overlooking beautiful Rocky Valley to the sea and situated on 12th century site of St. Piran's monastery. Excellent accommodation and home cooking. Write for brochure. Tel. Tintagel 57.

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LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

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SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Drying facilities, hot baths, good food. £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

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GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 5gns. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

N. CORNWALL: cottage guest hse. Sands, surfing, buses 5 min. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cott., Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

CAPEL Curig. Guest House with modern accom. for 12. H. & C. Finely situated on mountain pass in heart of the Snowdon Nat. Park. Brochure: Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. Tel. C.C. 217.

BUDE, Cornwall, Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & c. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

FRENCH Country Inns: modest, clean, comfortable, with appetising meals, in places off the beaten track (by sea or mountain or in the deep countryside) will leave the happiest holiday memories. The new "L5" list of the "Logis de France" with current prices available on request from the French Government Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

HOTEL Windsor, Bld. Verdun, Dieppe (facing sea), offers comfortable accom., good food, at reas. rates for week-ends or holiday periods. Also at Clos Normand, Martin Eglise, where excellent free Trout fishing is available. Marcel Lambert, Prop.

BEACON Lodge — a select hotel, easily accessible to the West End and City. Tennis Court, H. & C. in all rooms; Garages, excellent cuisine. From 4½gns. p.w. Bed & breakfast from 14s. 6d. Excel. facilities for Weddings/Receptions. 1 Crescent Rd., Crouch End, London, N.8. Tel.: MOU. 7145.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, modern house, large garden, peaceful surrndgs. "Chantry Mead," Harfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 283.

GLORIOUS Brittany. Hotel Royal-Bellevue (3-star), St. Cast, near Dinard, from 1200 francs daily, full board, plus one free day after each 6 days' stay, allowing a fortnight's seaside holiday on £25.

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OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. At Kathleen Batten's comfortable hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest you can have whatever kind of holiday you want. There is freedom, peace or stimulating talk in the club if you want to join in. 'Phone Sharpthorne 17.

PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

WEEK-END in the New Forest, June 27-30. An informal country week-end in attractive hotel with riding stables. All details from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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PERSONAL—continued

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ENGLISH boys & girls (5-18 years) can meet young people from Europe and Overseas at Odam Hill School Summer Camp, July 29-September 16. Riding, swimming, in & outdoor competitions. R. A. & A. J. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

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I HOPE to have my new studio open at the end of June but I shall be able to take child (or adult) portraits in your home or the open air immediately upon my return. Anthony Painting, 30 Abbey Gdns., N.W.8.

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PLAYWRIGHTS! Full-length Thrillers (max. cast 8) wanted for Autumn Season at Irving Theatre, Leic. Sq. (Whi. 3678). Submission Fee 10s. 6d. Close July 31.

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PERSONAL—continued

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IRVING Theatre Club, Leicester Square, rendezvous for Players and Playgoers. Regular seasons of Intimate Plays and Revues. Licensed till midnight: Food Counter. Annual subscr.: full members, £1½; theatre members, 5s.; members of Equity, 10s. 6d. Apply 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHItehall 5678.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

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FOR Sale. Portree Lodge, Isle of Skye, Inverness-shire. Constructed on two floors, it contains drawing room, dining room, smoking room, 9 large bedrooms, 5 single bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, ample domestic quarters and outbuildings. There are two garages with room for three cars, above the garages are two cottages reached by a common stair, one of these cottages is subject to a liferent. There is also a gardener's cottage and laundry which can be converted into quite a good house. Electricity is supplied by private generating set but a supply will be available shortly from the North of Scotland Hydro Electric Board. Portree Lodge lies on the north-eastern side of Portree Bay and has a southern exposure. The policies and grounds, which include a certain amount of timber, extend to 13 acres approximately. Assessed rental £100. For further particulars and cards to view apply MacDonald & Fraser, Solicitors, Portree, Isle of Skye.

A FREEHOLD non-basement house. Power, gas the out. Quiet street N.W. district. 15 mins. bus West End. 5 rms., kit., subrm. Sml gdn. £2,000. Tel. owner GUL. 6338.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn., Hol. 8881. Mon. to Fri. Evs. 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Rosamund John, Norman Wooland in "Dragon Mouth" by J. B. Priestley & Jacquetta Hawkes. Ltd. Run.

ARTS Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), St., Sun. 5 & 8. "Hobson's Choice." Mems.

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CHRISTOPHER. Fry's "The Lady's Not For Burning." Prior to their engagement at Torquay Open-Air Drama Festival, the Tavistock Repertory Company will present this Vincent Pearmain Production at their Studio-Theatre, 156 (a) Albany St., N.W.1, from June 18-22 and 25-29, 7.30 p.m. 4s., 2s. 6d. Membs. Club Membership 2s. 6d. Write or 'phone EUS. 7185.

CHEPSTOW Theatre Club. Programmes every week-end. Bar open daily. Members 2s. 6d. June 13 & 14, 7 p.m. "Public Auditions" 18 Chepstow Villas, W.2. BAY. 8167.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Commencing June 18 Theatre Workshop in "Uranium 235." Booking now. Special Party Rate.

"THIS Way to the Tomb," by Ronald Duncan. Noctambulists, S.W. Essex Tech College, E.17. June 25, 26, 27 at 7.30. 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. LAR. 6661 and 2772.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until June 15: "Jouvet, Barrault, Simon, Rosay in Carné's "Drôle de Drame" (A). From June 16: François Perier, Odette Joyeux, Jacques Tati in "Sylvia and the Ghost" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. June 15 7.30. "Il Trovatore" (U) (Italian).

TWO Concerts given by Artists for Peace in connection with Musicians' Organization for Peace. Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Adm. 2s. 6d. June 15, 8 p.m. Esther Salaman, Paul Hamburger, Samuel Kutcher, Frank Merrick. Schubert, Franck, Auric, Campion, Jones, Moussorgsky, etc. June 20, 8 p.m.: Maika Cossacks, Hilda Cotton, Irene Kohler, Anne Wood, Norman Franklin. Chopin, Falla, Schubert, etc.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Tuesday, July 8 at 8.00. The Society for XXth Century Music presents: Dr. Edith Sitwell, Hedli Anderson, Peter Stadlen, Walter Lear, Alexander Young, Peter Racine Fricker & George Weldon with the Chamber Ensemble of The London Symphony Orchestra in works by: Arnold Schoenberg ("Pierrot Lunaire") Jacques Ibert, Peter Racine Fricker & William Walton ("Façade," with Dr. Edith Sitwell in her original part). Tkts. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., & 2s. 6d. from Royal Festival Hall, WATerloo 3191, the usual agents & Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W.1. MAYfair 7600.

WIGMORE Hall, Tuesday, June 17, at 8 p.m. Valentina Aksarova: Recital of Russian Songs by the "Mighty Five"—Balakireff, Borodin, Cui, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Moussorgsky. At the piano, Hubert Greenslade. Tickets 9s., 6s. and 3s. 6d.

SECOND Grand Dance by popular request Kensington Town Hall. 7.30 p.m. Friday, June 20. Tickets 3s. 6d. at door. Full Orchestra. Democratic S. Africa Cttee.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club. Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

MIDSUMMER'S Eve Party. Many unusual attractions, including free drinks. June 23, 8.30 p.m. Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead. Adm. 7s. 6d. Organised by Film Panel of Authors' World Peace Appeal.

"ARTISTS for Peace" Dance, 8-11.30 Friday, June 13, at the Artists for Peace Exhibition, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Russell Sq., W.C.1. Tickets 3s. 6d. M. Smith, 20 Cambridge Square, W.2.

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

RIVER Dance on Thames Steamer, Hampton Court to Westminster, June 21, 7-11 p.m. Tickets 15s. 6d. single, 27s. 6d. double, from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SUN., June 15, at 8 p.m. International Youth Centre Dance/Social, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3 (W. African Students' Union), facing Festival Gardens. Bar. 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

RAVENNA Mosaics. Arts Council Exhibition of mosaic replicas. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till June 22. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8; Sun., 2-6. Adm. 1s.

AUSTIN Spare, paintings, drawings. Mansion House Tavern, Kennington Pk. Rd. (Opp. Tube) until July 12 div. tavern hrs.

THE Ivon Hitchens Exhibition and French etchings and lithos. The Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. Some outstanding Baroque paintings of the Schools of Genoa, Naples & Utrecht.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

STANLEY Spencer, Ruskin Spear, Bawden, Boswell, Hurry, Minton, Pasmore, Rowntree, Weight, Gattuso, Leger, Lurcat, Pignon, Picasso—at the second great "Artists For Peace" Exhibition, 10.30 am.-7.30 p.m., June 11-22 (Suns. inc.), Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Russell Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 1s. All works for sale. Prices to suit all pockets.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. From Boudin to Braque: Last day June 14. From June 17: Recent Mobiles by Lynn Chadwick, and Paintings by Roger Hilton.

"TOMORROW'S Furniture." Work of leading British designers. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Weekdays 10-6. Sundays 2-6. 1s. Members free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. H. Gaudier-Brzeska: Sculpture, Drawings.

BOWMAN'S, Camden Town High St.: Colour Lithographs by members of the Senefelder Club. Closing June 30.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Exhibn of Paintings by Durga Lal, opened by Eric Fraser on Mon., June 16, 3 p.m. Daily for 2 wks. 11-7 p.m. Free

FRANCES Hodgkins, Gwen John, Ethel Walker. A Memorial Exhibition organised with the Arts Council. Tate Gallery. Open till June 15. 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters—New Acquisitions—Boudin, Braque, Fantin, Monet, etc. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily, including Sundays, 10 to 7.

ROYAL Society of British Artists. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5. Adm. 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Contemporary Jewish Artists. June 10-July 4. Admission 1s.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. "Expressionist Painting."

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th & 20th Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

IVEAGH bequest, Kenwood, Hunterian Collection lent by the University, Glasgow. Adm. free. Weekdays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Undergd.

BLACKHEATH Art Society. Fifth Annual Exhibition. Tranquil Hall, Blackheath Village, S.E.3. June 22 to July 6. Daily 11-7, Sundays 2-7.

TIRZAH Garwood. A Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till June 28. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday 10-6, Tuesday, Thursday 10-8. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Osbert Lancaster; Richard Eurich, A.R.A., & Alan Reynolds. Group of oil panels by Ethel Walker & Derwent Lees. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closing June 28.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"IN Support of Government Policy," by Robert Carr, M.P. (Private Parliamentary Secretary to the Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden). Thursday, June 19, 8 p.m., under the auspices All Nations Social Club (non-political), Great Cumberland Hall, Eccleston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

FORUM on S. Africa. "Colour Bar and Democracy." R. Sorensen, M.P.; Dr. Banda, B. Davidson. Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1. Wed., June 18, 7.30. Democratic S. Africa Committee.

"EAST-West Trade." First public report on World Economic Conference. H. Davies, M.P.; M. H. Dobb; S. Silverman, M.P.; J. Slater. Wed., June 18, 7.30, Conway Hall, W.C.1. Tickets 1s. from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. (Wes. 1571).

H. J. BLACKHAM: "American Diplomacy." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., June 15, at 11 a.m.

"KOREA—Two Years of Murder." Public protest meeting. End Korean War. Return all prisoners. Chairman, Mr. S. S. Silverman, M.P. Speakers, Mr. G. Bing, Q.C., M.P., Mr. S. Swingler, M.P. Tuesday, June 24, Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. 7.45. 6d. Britain-China Friendship Assoc.

AUST.-N.Z. Civil Liberties Society. Conway Hall, Thursday, June 19, 8 p.m. Albert McNolty, Fed. Sec. Aust. Sheet Metal Workers Union, on "Civil Liberties and Aust. Trade Union Movement." All welcome.

FIREMEN Report: Delegation of British Firemen back from visit to Rumanian People's Republic will speak at Holborn Hall, Wed., June 18, 7.30 p.m. Chairman: John Horner, Gen. Sec., Fire Brigades Union.

"WHAT is happening in Malaya?" Come & hear a Malayan and prominent London women, Hyde Park, Sun., June 15, at 3 p.m. Organised by London Assembly of Women.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 21 at 6 p.m. Poetry Reading in 16 languages.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers. Public Meeting, Mon., June 16, 7 p.m., Barristers' Refreshment Room, Lincoln's Inn. Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., on "Machinery of Law Reform." Those who took part in the recent correspondence in "The Times" on A Ministry of Justice have been invited.

TO all Labour Parties: Abingdon Constituency Labour Party will hold their Annual Fete and Rally at Buscot Park, Faringdon, on Monday Aug. 4 (by kind permission of Lord Faringdon). Reserve this date for a day out for your members. For further details apply Agent, 27 High Street, Abingdon, Berks.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. The Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P., on "The Future of Germany," St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1, at 7.30 p.m., Wed., June 18. Visitors 2s. 6d.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Thursday, June 19, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Mme Suzanne Lilar, Belgian Playwright. Subject: "Le Théâtre Belge Contemporain." Admission free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10); Meditation & Gita at the Centre every Sunday 5.30 p.m. Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., June 19, 7.30 p.m. "Yoga in the Gita." All welcome.

TARBUT La'Am Jewish Cultural Centre. "Chassidism, a popular religious movement in Jewish life." Rabbi Dr. Litvin. June 15. 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. 8 p.m.

LUNCH Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, S.W. Tuesdays at 1.10. June 17: "Knowledge." June 24: "Yoga in a Scientific Age." In July Four Talks on Meditation.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 15, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Some Critics of Freud." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

"MARRIAGE Law & Public Health." An Appeal for Plural Marriage for both sexes after 7 years. Edward Wilson, M.D. (Non-Register). Lecture Hall, 6a Inverness Pl., W.2. Mon., June 23, 7.30. Nr. Bayswater Station, Inner Circle & Central Line Underground. Adm. free. Collection.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. June 15: "Cycles—Individual and Collective."

RT. Hon. Lord Silkin, P.C., just returned from a tour of Poland, will speak on his experiences, on Tues., June 17, 8 p.m. Members & their guests only. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1. (LAN. 6593.)

"LEVELS of Experience," Miss Mary Billinghurst, Sun., June 15, 7 p.m., Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

AT Pendley. July 4-6: Literature, Christopher Fry and S. Elliot. Talks by Diana Neill on Islam—"The Christian and Stoic Approach" and Roy Walker "Fry—His Plays and Critics." Readings and Open Forum. Fee £2 10s. July 19-20: Drama. Practical Course on Mime and Gesture led by Leslie Pitt. Talk on Production by C. B. Purdom. Fee £1 10s. Full parties from The Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302.)

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Week-end lecture-discussions in delightful country. June 20-22: The hypothesis of extra-sensory perception. June 27-30: A biological view of social philosophy. Checkendon 221.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley. One- two-, three- or four-week General or Specialised Courses during June, July and August.

MANAGEMENT Studies: The College of Commerce, Bristol, announces a new course commencing in Sept. for graduates and those of similar age. Prospectus showing its particular features obtainable from St. George's Rd., Bristol, 1.

BSc. (Economics) Preliminary Examination. The North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, London, N.W.5, offers intensive full-time course for this examination. Next course Sept., 1952, for 1953 exam. Call/write/phone GUL. 1154 (ext. 11).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-3805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8511-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificates; short or long Courses; enrolment daily; Prospectus free.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Lowedge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—*continued*

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

LANGHAM Secretarial College provides comprehensive secretarial and finishing courses, with languages and current affairs. Resident and day students; canteen. Interesting posts found after Diploma. Early vacancies. Autumn courses now enrolling. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven St., Park Lane, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 2904/5.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 1493.

RELEASE from over-tension and over-fatigue through re-education of posture and movement. Many symptoms are based on faulty muscular habits. Enquiries to Secretary, The Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.11. Tel. Park 72222.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Whorwell.) BAY. 2816.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

THE British Film Institute's Summer Film School, this year organised jointly with the Scottish Film Council, to be held Glasgow/Edinburgh, August 11-23. First week Studio Theatre Glasgow; second week in Edinburgh to coincide with the opening of the Festival. Residential accommodation (single or double) in University halls in both cities. Distinguished lecturers, including Dilys Powell, John Grierson and Max Ophuls. Particulars and draft programme from British Film Institute, 4 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. (Museum 0581).

FABIAN Summer Schools throughout August, 1952: 2/9: Hope, Derbyshire, 9/16: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, 16/23: Kingsgate College, Broadstairs, 23/30: Frensham Heights, Farnham. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Summer University from July 19 to August 16 at Keele Hall, University College of North Staffordshire, to be attended by students from all parts of the world, to discuss "Education for Autonomy and Internationalism." Sponsored by N.U.S., W.U.S., and U.N.S.A. Engs. to the I.S.U. Secretary, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

THE Vox Institute of Madrid announces a Summer Course in Castille August 4th to August 18. In ideal Summer climate. Reasonable terms, well within tourist allowance. Write Director, Vox Institute, Av. José Antonio, 59, Madrid, Spain.

OXFORD. Educational Holidays, English. Foreign girls, long/short periods July 1-Sept. 7. Languages, cookery, dressmaking, secretarial, many expeditions, tennis, riding, boating. Brochure: Principal, Stroud Court, Eynsham, Oxford.

THE Twelfth Roel Summer School of Puppetry will be held in the Cotswolds from August 12-26. Rod-and-Glove Puppets and Play Production. Particulars from the Secretary, Roel Farm, Guiting Power, Glos.

DENMARK. College Physical Education, Fredensborg. Vacation Courses for Men and Women. Aug., 1952. Fee £16 10s. inc. Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming. One Year Training Course for Men Teachers, British & Commonwealth. Write Principal.

INTERNATIONAL House Parties: An interesting & gay holiday together with professional people from Britain and abroad. Foreign language tuition and exchange, dancing, bathing, tennis, etc. Erna Low Holidays, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225/6.

HOLIDAY Course for Continental students. The 6th course will be held this summer from July 25-Sept. 19. Young people of all nationalities over 15 welcome. English lectures and all sports. Large estate, private beach, excellent & plentiful food. Prospectus from Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. July 29-Aug. 12: International Seminar: leader Dr. C. Gattegno. 1st week, Education for service v. education for leadership; 2nd week, The British culture. Aug. 15-29: Sensory Summer School, Freedom and the discipline of reality. Full details from Secretary.

SCHOOLS

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach and Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D., R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

STADDLES, Chute Lodge, Nr. Andover. Boys' Prep. & Pre-Prep. School. Special care for under-sevens. 4-14 yr. olds can be taken where good educ. & good manners are thought equally important. Apply Principal.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 713, 714, 715

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